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LITERATURE.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The estimation in which we hold Mr. Barry as an architect, is the result of the merit of his works; for although his early work, the new church at Brighton, in the London Road, does not, in our opinion, justify the admiration it frequently excites, his Schools at Birmingham may be reckoned among the most classic adaptations of the pointed style which our times have produced, whilst the Travellers' Club House, in Pall Mall, is beyond compare the best specimen of Italian palatial architecture in London. Indeed, we know of nothing in that style superior to the Carlton Gardens front of this edifice; and, although no great admirers of the grosser details of Italian architecture, (and Mr. Barry has adopted some of them,) we consider that work an honour to him, while it is a splendid monument to the good sense and refined taste of the members of the club who carried the design into execution. We may take this opportunity of stating, to the credit of those gentlemen, also, that they instituted a limited competition when their house was to be built, and gave the preference to Mr. Barry's design for it, upon the most mature and impartial investigation of the merits of all the six which were submitted to them.

How much soever, then, we disapprove of the mode which has been pursued of obtaining designs for the Houses of Parliament—and it is not the least of our objections that it might have deprived the country of the assistance of all the foremost men in the profession, as it indisputably has that of some who are in the largest practice and have the greatest experience—we may declare our belief, founded on a tolerably extensive knowledge of the works of our living architects, that a design, more excellent than the one before us, is not at all likely to have resulted had the competition embraced every man in the profession whose education and experience would have qualified him to take part in it, and if the selection had been made in the mode we have suggested, and could have desired.

The design is in the style of the third period of pointed or classical English architecture, and neither Elizabethan nor, in the correct application of the term, Gothic.

Much has been said regarding site, and we understand that the architects generally complained of that which was dictated, because of its restricted extent, and of the close vicinity of the Hall and Abbey. Whatever difficulty existed with regard to these matters, are, we think, conquered in the adopted design; the site appears to be of quite sufficient extent for all that is required, and both the Hall and Abbey are made available—the former in combination, and the latter in composition, with the proposed new structure.

We now come to the consideration of the design itself, which proposes to cover a space of about six acres, exclusive of that occupied by Westminster Hall and the Law Courts. The Eastern, or River Front, will be about two-thirds the whole length of Westminster Bridge, and it runs nearly at right angles to it, extending from about fifty yards south of the Bridge,—of course on the left bank of the river—nearly to little Abingdon Street; the real length of the front of the edifice being 870 feet. The South Front is 340 feet long, and extends westward as far as the line of the eastern flank of Westminster Hall. The Front to Old Palace Yard reaches up to an extension of the effective length of the Hall itself, and 410 feet long. Westminster Hall, with its adjuncts, and the Law Courts, lying before it, occupies a further length on the west side of the site of 330 feet. The north end of the Law Courts, that end of Westminster Hall, and a portion of the New Buildings at the Commons' end, and embracing the Commons' Entrance, occupy a length of 300 feet up to the return Northward of the West Front to New Palace Yard, which is 180 feet long, and from the north-west angle of which, to the north-east angle of the River Front, the length is 200 feet.

A wide embankment, carried as far out upon the river as the second arch of Westminster Bridge, will give base to a Terrace 30 feet in breadth, and extending between the wings at the north and south ends of the front, a length of 680 feet. Behind, and in the line of which, the building rises in three distinct stories in all its fronts: the first, a basement, which is on the level of the street, usually designated the ground floor; the next is the story of the principal floor, upon which the Houses of Lords and Commons, the State Rooms, the Division Lobby, Conference Rooms, Libraries and other principal apartments and offices, are placed; and the third, or, as applied to a common house, the second floor, contains Committee Rooms, and other offices and apartments, for the officers of the Houses. The central portion of the River Front, and the Towers upon the wings, run up another story, and the Clock Tower, and the Royal, or Record Tower, run up as shown in the View which accompanies this, the former to a height of 240 feet, to the top of the lantern or bell-cover, which rises out of it, and the latter to the height of 300 feet to the summit of its crowned turrets.

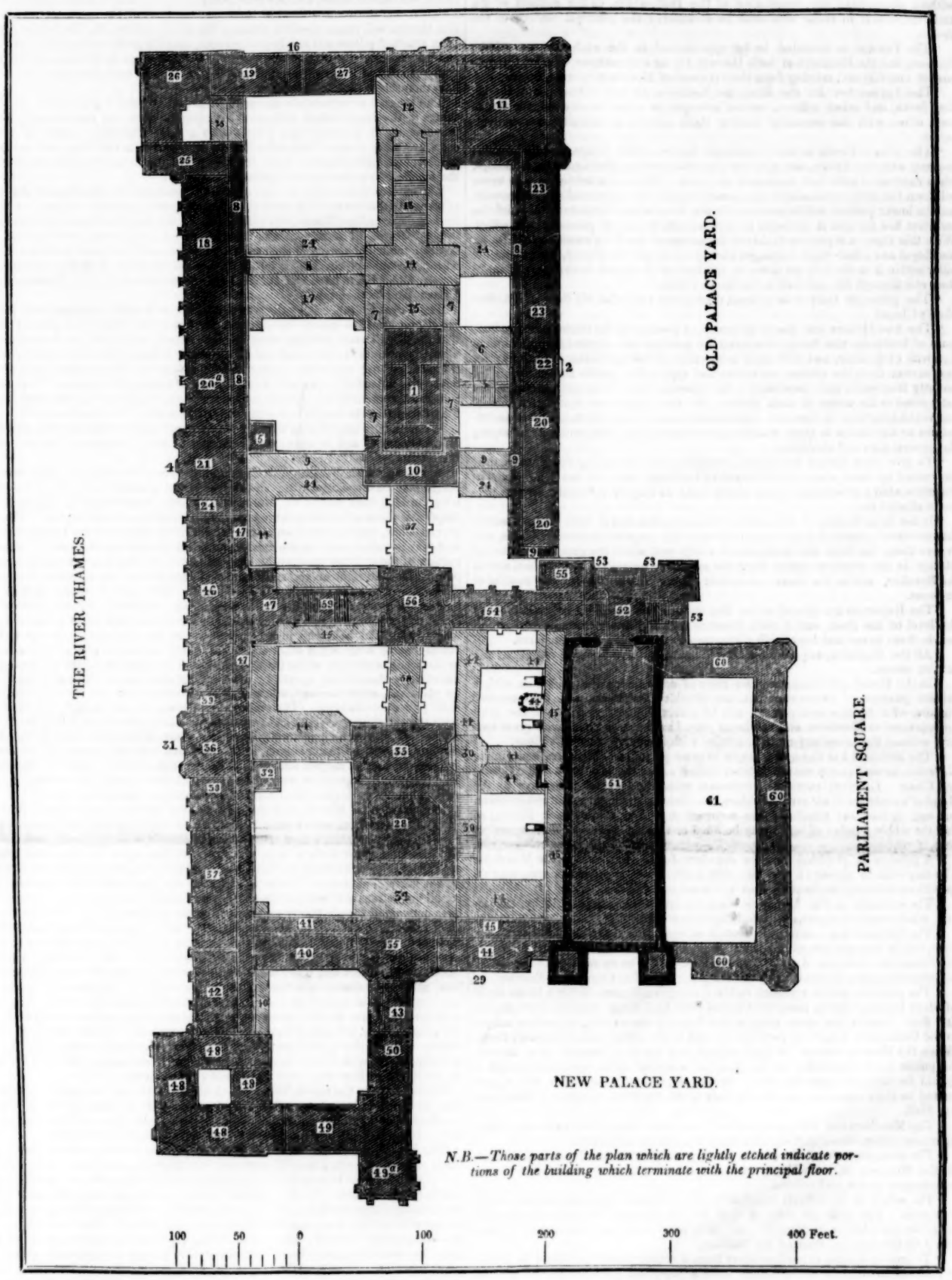
The Ground Plan of the design shows the general arrangement of the principal floor, with some of the vestibules, and other lofty compartments, which range through two or more of the stories. Such, for instance, are Nos. 51, 52, 54, and 56, Westminster Hall, St. Stephen's Porch, St. Stephen's Hall, and the Public Central Hall, respectively, and especially Nos. 1 and 28, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the one on the right, and the other on the left, of the Public Central Hall.

The following list is explanatory of the figures on the Plan, and will put the reader in possession of the arrangement for state and for business, and the general accommodation afforded, together with the modes of communication throughout.

1. The House of Lords.
2. Entrance for Lay Peers from Old Palace Yard.
3. Staircase from the Entrance No. 2 to the level of the principal floor.
4. Peers' Entrance from the River Terrace.
5. Staircase from Peers' River Entrance to the level of the principal floor.
6. Ante-room to the House of Lords, from Peers' Entrance and Staircase Nos. 2 and 3.
7. Peers' Private Corridors connected with the House.
8. Other private Corridors.
9. Public Corridors.
10. Public Lobby and Staircases to the Galleries of the House of Lords.
11. Tower, in the lower part of which is the King's State Entrance, the upper stories being depositories for records.
12. The King's Entrance Hall or Vestibule.
13. The King's Staircase, from the level of the entrance to that of the principal floor.
14. The King's Gallery.
15. The King's Robing Room, with access to the House of Lords on each side of the Throne.
16. Gateway to Court in which is the Bishops' entrance.
17. Bishops' Robing-rooms.
18. The Lords' Libraries.
19. Refreshment Rooms for Peers.
20. Lords' Committee Rooms.
20a. Lords' Select Committee Room.
21. Conference Room.
22. Peers' Robing Room.
23. Robing and other Rooms for the State Officers.
24. Rooms for Officers of the House of Lords, for the Judges, for Counsel, Witnesses, and others, in attendance upon the House.
25. Librarian's Residence.
26. Residence for the Usher of the Black Rod.
27. Housekeeper's Residence.
28. The House of Commons.
29. Commons' Private Entrance, from New Palace Yard.

GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Showing the leading principles of the arrangement of the Principal Floor.



N.B.—Those parts of the plan which are lightly etched indicate portions of the building which terminate with the principal floor.

30. Staircase from Commons' Private Entrance to the level of the principal floor and inner public lobby at the head of the Stairs.
31. Commons' Entrance from the River Terrace.
32. Staircase from Commons' River Entrance to the level of the principal floor.
33. Inner Public Lobby to the House of Commons, and Staircases to the Galleries.
34. Commons' Division Lobby.
35. Commons' Outer Lobby.
36. Commons' Writing Library.
37. Commons' Libraries.
38. Commons' Messengers' Rooms.
39. Commons' Librarian's Room.
40. Commons' Refreshment Rooms.
41. Commons' Private Corridors.
42. Rooms for the Chief Clerk of the House of Commons.
43. Speakers' Chamber.
44. Various Offices for the business of the House of Commons.
45. Public Corridors from the Public Central Hall to the Commons' Select and Unopposed Committee Rooms.
46. Commons' Select and Unopposed Committee Rooms.
47. Corridor and Waiting Hall for Witnesses, &c., private during the sitting of the Houses.
48. The Speaker's Residence.
49. Residence for the Serjeant-at-Arms.
49a. The Clock Tower.
50. The Deputy Housekeeper's Residence.
51. Westminster Hall. Great public Entrance or Vestibule in common to the Houses of Parliament and to the Courts of Law.
52. St. Stephen's Porch; the Public Entrance to the Houses of Parliament through Westminster Hall.
53. Entrances to St. Stephen's Porch from Old Palace Yard and Parliament Square.
54. St. Stephen's Hall (the old House of Commons). The Inner Vestibule to the Houses of Parliament.
55. Public Staircase from St. Stephen's Hall to the Offices of the House of Lords.
56. The Public Central Hall.
57. The Outer Public Lobby of the House of Lords.
58. The Outer Public Lobby of the House of Commons.
59. Public Staircase to the Commons' Committee Rooms in the floor above.
60. New Fronts to the Law Courts.
61. The Law Courts.

On the ground floor, or in the story below the principal floor, and corresponding with the ordinary ground floor of houses, besides the entrances referred to in the foregoing list, are fire-proof repositories for both Houses of Parliament; crypts for public stores and for warming and ventilating the houses, lobbies, and other apartments. The Lord Great Chamberlain's department, the Guard Rooms, &c., and the kitchen offices and cellarage of the several residences.

In the story above the principal floor, are in front to the river, Commons' Committee Rooms, a large public waiting hall for witnesses, &c., at the head of the grand stairs, and apartments in the various official residences; in the central mass rise the Houses themselves, and the Public Central Hall, and in the other fronts

are various offices connected with one or the other of the two Houses of Parliament. In the central part of the River Front, which rises another story higher, there are some additional Committee Rooms for the Commons.

As it is fair to the architect, that his intentions in the composition of the design, and in the arrangement of the parts, should be known, and as these must be best developed in his own words, we subjoin the paper submitted by Mr. Barry, with his design in the general competition, when it was, of course, anonymous, and only known by the particular marks which the author had adopted :—

"*Design for the New Houses of Parliament.*

"In this design, the architect has thought it desirable to incorporate the entire establishment of the Houses of Parliament, the Courts of Law, and Westminster Hall, in one edifice, as being most conducive to internal convenience and economy, and to the grandeur and importance of the exterior. It has been his aim to avoid the Ecclesiastical, Collegiate, Castellated, and Domestic Styles, and to select that which he considers better suited to the peculiar appropriation of the building.

"The line of frontage towards the river, drawn from the extremities of the bent line shown on the Official Plan, is adopted for the purpose—firstly, of obtaining the greatest possible extent of elevation; secondly, of placing the front of the two buildings, as nearly as possible at right angles with Westminster Bridge; and thirdly, of making a more agreeable continuation of the proposed line of embankment above and below Bridge, and one that will be more convenient for the navigation of the river.

"The River Front and Terrace are made to abut upon the Thames, for the sake of effect, and for the purpose of enlarging the two Palace Yards, in which are placed the entrances to the two Houses respectively. By this arrangement, the whole of the required accommodation is obtained, without occupying the ground east of Abingdon Street, coloured Brown in the Official Plan.

"The elevation towards the river, is proposed to be made as lofty as is consistent with the internal convenience, in order to present an imposing appearance from the Bridge, and to shut out the present view of the Hall and adjoining buildings, which, seen from that elevated position, appear objectionably low. It is also made to extend across the East end of New Palace Yard, in order to form with the North front of the Hall and other buildings, a quadrangle which shall be free from the drafts of wind from the river.

"The elevation towards the two Palace Yards is made as lofty as possible, without diminishing the importance of the Hall, which, in the opinion of the architect, should in those situations be considered the principal feature of the design.

"The Terrace is intended to be appropriated to the exclusive use of the Speaker, and the Members of both Houses, for air and exercise, and for the purpose of entering and retiring from their respective Houses in private, by water.

"The Approaches for the King, the Members of both Houses, the Public, the Clerks, and other officers, are so arranged, as to be wholly independent of each other, with the means of making them entirely or partially in communication.

"The King's Tower is made a principal feature of the design, and is intended to group with the Abbey, and give due importance to the Parliamentary Buildings, when contrasted with that enormous structure. The upper stories of this tower will form the most commodious and secure depositories for valuable public records, and the lower portion will be occupied by the King's State Entrance, to which the architect has thought it desirable to give a great degree of grandeur and effect. With this view, it is proposed, that on occasions of the King's visit to the House, the Royal and other State Carriages should drive into the Tower, turn round the pillar within it to the left, set down at the foot of the Royal Staircase, and make their exit through the gateway in the South Flank.

"The principal story is on a level throughout with the old floor of St. Stephen's Chapel.

"The two Houses are placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the whole mass of buildings, this being considered the position best adapted for communication with each other, and with their respective offices and accommodations; for easy access from the various entrances and approaches, public and private; for security from noise and disturbance; for allowing their form and size to be exactly fitted to the wants of each House; for the purposes of lighting, warming, and ventilating them in the most convenient manner; and for making any modifications or alterations in them which may be thought desirable, without deranging the general plan and elevation.

"To give every facility for lighting, warming, and ventilating the Houses, they are carried up much above the surrounding buildings, and will have no rooms or chambers above or beneath them, except such as may be necessary for the purposes alluded to.

"It has been the aim of the architect to reduce the size of both Houses within the narrowest possible limits, compatible with the required accommodations, and to give them that form and arrangement which will afford the greatest number of sittings in the smallest space, bring the members nearest to each other, and to the Speaker, and be the most convenient for carrying on the ordinary routine of business.

"The Reporters are placed at the Bar end of each House, not much above the level of the floor, and at such distance from the most remote seats, as will enable them to see and hear, with distinctness, every thing that transpires.

"All the Galleries, required by the instructions, have separate entrances and retiring rooms.

"In the House of Commons, two rows of seats under the Galleries, with a private passage of communication, are provided for Peers and distinguished visitors, who, by this arrangement, will be effectually separated from the seats appropriated to Members, and will be so placed as to see and hear with great facility, without the possibility of their mixing with Members during divisions.

"The architect has thought it proper to avoid placing any Members' seats under Galleries, as well as any seats whatever behind either the Woolsack or the Speaker's Chair. External corridors, connected with the several gangways to the Member's seats and their private lobbies, free from public approach or interruption, and well lighted and ventilated, are arranged on either side of each House, so that the whole number of seats may be filled or vacated in a very short space of time, if required.

"A passage is provided from the corridors to the Bar, so that the Members, who may wish to appear at the Bar with petitions, or on other business, may do so without interruption from persons in the public lobby.

"The entrance to the Members' Galleries are in their private lobby, and an exit, when required, is provided into the public staircases.

"The Libraries and Committee Rooms of each House are placed towards the river, for the convenience of light, and freedom from noise and disturbance, and the former are so arranged on the principal floor as to be *en suite*, with the power of extending them at pleasure, by including the adjoining Committee Rooms.

"The principal public approach to the Committee Rooms, is by a broad flight of steps leading directly from the Central Hall to a large waiting room on the first floor towards the river, from which there is direct and immediate access to the Committee Rooms of each House, and to the offices connected with them. When the Houses commence their sittings, and the daily business is at an end, the public may retire either by the principal staircase above mentioned, or (if it should be thought more desirable,) by that immediately adjoining, and appropriated to their exclusive use, which leads to St. Stephen's Crypt and Westminster Hall.

"The Members and Officers attending Committees may go or return by private staircases communicating with their respective houses and offices.

"The arrangements of the plan admit of private access at all times, if desired, for the Members of each House to their respective libraries, committee rooms, refreshment rooms, and offices.

"The whole of the official residences have separate external entrances and staircases. The principal floor of that for the Speaker, is expressly arranged either for state levees or dinners. All these residences have direct communication with the principal floor of the building.

"To provide against extensive injury from a recurrence of accidents by fire, it is proposed to build the entire edifice upon a fire-proof principle, and to shut off all communications with the private residences, by iron doors set in thick party-walls.

"St. Stephen's Chapel, the Crypt, and Cloisters, are proposed to be restored; Westminster Hall to be preserved in its present state, with the exception of the removal of the present south window into the new south wall of the porch at that end of the Hall, to be called St. Stephen's Porch, and forming the opening thus created into an entrance archway to the porch alluded to; thus, the proportions of the Hall, its main walls, roof, &c. will remain untouched. A new exterior is proposed for the Law Court buildings; but it is not intended to interfere, in the smallest degree, with the Courts themselves. Finally, it may be proper to mention, that the plans are so arranged that the new Houses, and their contiguous lobbies, staircases, and approaches, may be completed sufficiently for use, without interfering with the present temporary houses and their appurtenances."

The views herein set forth by Mr. Barry seem to be generally judicious; and we think that he has been, upon the whole, very successful in carrying them out. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that the arrangement of such an extensive subject as this is, must have more time and thought bestowed than can be given in the short space assigned for the making and executing designs in a competition. Indeed, we cannot look upon this which is now before us, as more than a sketch of the design to be carried into execution; but we are confident that the mind capable of making the sketch possesses the power of giving the finished work every required degree of clearness and consistency. As a sketch, the design possesses many grand and admirable qualities; and, as a sketch, it was put into competition with other designs made under the same circumstances, and it was in that manner preferred; and we hope that no foolish fancy, to the effect that permission to Mr. Barry to improve his design is unjust to those with whom he competed, will be allowed to operate. It would be folly in the extreme to restrain the architect, under such circumstances, from introducing the improvements which study and mature reflection may point out to him. If, indeed, a limitation had been made in this case as to expense, and it was found that the most approved design could not be executed within the amount stated, it would be the extreme of injustice to the other competitors to allow the author of that one to modify his exaggerated design to bring it within the stipulated amount. But the cost of carrying the designs into execution was not made a question; and the architects were left at liberty to suggest what they thought best, without reference to expense.

With these impressions we are glad to find, that Mr. Barry has not hesitated to introduce into the View before us, several things which have occurred to him for the improvement of his design, since the finished drawings now exhibiting were made, and the description above cited was written. One important alteration we perceive in the site, and presume it to be independent of the architect's choice, the removal of the structure further south from Westminster bridge, carrying it, at the other end, about half way up Abingdon Street. The Clock Tower is also altered, and we think not improved, by the addition of the spire. It becomes the subject better as a tower simply, and the addition, as indicated in our View, is quite unworthy of the rest as an architectural composition. The King's Tower is heightened also, and certainly improved, for the crown-formed terminations of its angle turrets in the exhibited drawings, are not well disposed to produce the intended effect.

Recurring to the plan, we would now draw attention to the grand and striking effect, which must be induced by the adaptation of Westminster Hall as a vestibule to the halls of the legislature. It is a bold and daring attempt on the part of the architect, and from the mode in which the adaptation is made, will, we think, be eminently successful. The design will have the effect of lengthening the Hall exteriorly, and giveing it a front to old Palace Yard, similar to the admired and admirable north front, though the interior will remain unaltered except in opening the existing aperture, which forms the south window to the floor, making this, by a noble flight of steps, the means of reaching a higher level in the way upward, and putting the south window the breadth of the landing, which Mr. Barry calls St. Stephen's Porch, further south, front of the Hall exteriorly. There are few finer effects in existing works of architecture, than the effect that will be produced from the floor of the porch (No. 52 on the plan.). On one side the eye will look through the noble old Hall, between its time hallowed walls, up into its wonderful and beautiful roof, and down to its magnificently traced north window, whilst a similar one throws in a flood of light over the head of the spectator, and before him the eye will range upwards through the old Chapel of St. Stephen's, with its light attached pillars and richly-groined roof, into the public central Hall (No. 56,) and its lanterned tower, and up the bold flight of steps in advance of the Hall, whilst transeptal lobbies open right and left of it, and lead directly to the chambers themselves of the legislature.

The internal arrangements appear to be generally good though there are many things in the details which will admit of simplification, and consequently of improvement. A glance of the Plan shows a large number of courts of various sizes, but these resolve themselves, for the most part, into two large, and one or two smaller, but quite detached ones, the Houses of Lords and Commons occupying the middle of the two greater courts respectively.

The public entrance, by the way of Westminster and St. Stephen's Halls, leads at once into the heart of the edifice, and into a position equally convenient to and from the Committee Rooms and Offices of both the grand deliberative branches of the legislature. The members of the Houses have, however, their distinct and separate modes of access to their own Chambers, and they need never even meet within the walls of the Palace but in the set places when they have business together. The Peers have Old Palace Yard to themselves, and the Commons New Palace Yard to themselves.

The Royal Entrance is by the way of a tower, so large in its proportions, that we are almost afraid to specify its dimensions; but as Mr. Barry has already stated that the King's state carriage, with its eight horses, is to drive into it, and around a huge pier in its centre, it will not be surprising to learn that it is a square, within the walls, whose sides are greater than the span of Westminster Hall; from out to out, indeed of its angular turrets, it is a hundred feet square. This tower, it is now contemplated to carry to the enormous height of one hundred feet, or fully five-sixths the height to the top of the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral!

We may now inquire into the composition and merits of the exterior as a work of architecture, and in connexion with the existing monuments on and about the site.

We concur with Mr. Barry, in thinking the view of Westminster Hall from the bridge may be dispensed with; and as the Abbey is already shut out of view from it by the Hall itself and by St. Margaret's Church, there would be no loss in that respect, if the new buildings were brought up close to the bridge stairs. The Engraved View, which accompanies this, of the New Palace of the Legislature, for so it may be called, exhibits the most magnificent, though not the most picturesque portion of the exterior that can be brought into view from any near and accessible point. On the right of the spectator, at the north-west angle, stands the Clock Tower, which looks over New Palace Yard. The next of the North flank embraces the front of the residence of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and one side of the Speaker's House, the east side extending to the second low tower or turret in the long front. The bold and massive character of the composition of this and the corresponding wing at the other end, is admirably adapted to give solidity of effect to the whole elevation, while the fine breadth of the towered fronts is relieved and enriched, without being injured by the lofty traceried oriels. These wings, it will be perceived, stand forward, and mark themselves on the long receding range, by well projected shadows. The grand central compartment is rich, and promises, with the aid of its octagonal and embattled turrets, enriched projecting oriels, pinnacled buttresses, and machicollated parapet, rising above the rest of the front and running back to the tower behind, to be a rich and beautiful part of the elevation; and the connecting ranges, similar in character, but only lower and less pretending than the centre, harmonize very beautifully with the broader, bolder, and simpler ends, while they compose well with the compartment connecting them.

It appears to us that in this composition the architect has entered into the spirit of our national style; and, without either servilely copying from its exemplars or falling into the vulgar error of trammelling it with the forms and tendencies of a style quite foreign to it, has embodied the spirit, and made an original and effective palatial elevation, having every required variety of light and shade to give it life and expression, without destroying the character of the style by horizontal projections and without breaking it up into detached masses, which would have prevented the simplicity and harmony that now pervade it. Fulness of ornament is rather necessary to, than inconsistent with, the pointed style of architecture; but this fine composition may be made to produce all its effects with but a moderate degree of enrichment in detail. Well-drawn and tastefully moulded tracery to the oriels and other windows, well-moulded tablets and sculptured corbels, and boldly-drawn and finely executed crockets and finials to the pinnacles, will give ornament enough to mark its dignified and palatical character. The other external fronts are, for the most part, modifications of the various arrangements in the principal one, but will of necessity be more subdued. The exterior of the Law Courts will, we think, with advantage be subjected to similar arrangements; and in composition with these, the existing front of Westminster Hall will be seen to much better effect than with its present concomitants.

We hope to see the Clock Tower much improved before it is carried into execution, for its effect in and upon the general composition is good; but there is about it a degree of hardness and harshness that produce anything but an agreeable effect. Its spire as at present composed, we have already objected to.

The King's, the Royal, or the Record Tower, for it seems to be known by all these names, presents a fearful mass, and Mr. Barry is a bold man who projected it. The towers of Westminster Abbey are seen in the view over the towers of the Speaker's House. With reference to his own composition, this great tower is admirably placed by the architect of the structure to which it belongs, and we do not apprehend from it any injurious effect upon the Abbey. The tower is a really fine composition in itself; and, if the ancient regal crown can be made to fit well upon its elevated turrets, the general effect will not only be imposingly grand, but really beautiful. It will be the keep of the Castle; and, if not allowed to become heavy and prison-like by meagreness in its execution, it will give a dignified character to the physical structure becoming the Palace of the Legislature and the Law.

A VISIT TO ST. PETERS AT ROME.

St. Peter's at Rome!—Who that has been to Rome, does not talk about St. Peter's! And who that talks about it can say anything that has not been said a hundred times before? From a sense of diffidence and modesty, we would willingly leave the subject in the hands of the past, as well as future travellers, but the thing is impossible. "What! profess to have been at Rome and say nothing of St. Peter's! Perhaps the man staid there a whole winter and never entered it! Such instances have been heard of." Yes, ungentle reader, I did see it, and did study it, and did admire it; and, as you expect me to do so, I shall sufficiently bore you with the subject, and give you full measure of the usual remarks, that it looks so small though it is so large, and that it is like the elephant of Bartholomew fair, measuring so many feet from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and twice that number from the end of the tail to the tip of the snout, and the marble doves there are very much like turkeys, and that the sculptured cherubs holding holy water, resembled the deceased Daniel Lambert, Esq., that the bare-footed friars come in with very dirty feet, that the Cardinals look like Zamiel in Der Freischutz, and that by an extraordinary coincidence, the Pope bears no resemblance whatever to the Archbishop of Canterbury. All these things are undoubtedly true, and being so, it is not necessary to enlarge upon them; but as we *must* act as cicerone to St. Peters's, we may perhaps be allowed, like other persons of that class, to set about it in our own way.

Let us then start from home, and begin our morning's walk from our place of residence. We are lodging on the Monte Pincio, the neighbourhood of which is generally selected by the English visitors, as a temporary abode during their continental wanderings. The morning, as usual, is inviting; let us breakfast early and set out in good time, for we have a long walk before us.

First we must descend that handsome flight of steps which are the terror of all Rome. Instantly that the shades of evening come over them, they are proscribed and avoided. Robbery and Assassination are the crimes reputed to lurk upon their slope, and to lie in ambush behind their jutting angles; the prudent, or the timid, will make a circuit of half-a-mile rather than ascend or descend them after night-fall. I have, however, passed them myself many hundreds of times at all hours, without seeing the slightest cause for alarm; but still there is no doubt that on this spot, murder and outrage are both frequent and unpunished. Another, and perhaps a more forcible reason for avoiding it, is the state of disgusting defilement in which it always remains; except after a long continuance of rain, or the periodical visit of the convicts sentenced to sweep the streets, this useful and handsome thoroughfare looks more like a dunghill than the public ornament, which it might be made. But delicacy and decency, in the sense in which we understand them, are ideas which the modern Romans are yet to receive. Faugh! what a pestilence comes upon the breeze! let us trip quickly down, and get at once into the Piazza di Spagna.

"Piazza" is a word in which I find a difficulty in translating into English, and the difficulty is greater in consequence of its having been corrupted to mean "a colonnade." *Piazza* in Italian comes nearest to *square* in English; but the Piazza di Spagna is triangular, the Piazza di San Pietro is elliptical, and many Piazze in Rome are any shape or no shape. In Norwich, and perhaps in a few other old English towns, wherever there is an open space, surrounded by houses, it is called *a plain*; thus, *St. Mary's Plain*, *The Theatre Plain*, *&c.*; and the word *plain* used in this sense, exactly answers to the Italian *piazza*. However, as such a word is too local and old-fashioned to claim a place in our language, we must leave the Piazza di Spagna, as well as many other names of localities, untranslated from their native idiom.

There is nothing to admire in the Piazza di Spagna, except the steps from which we have just descended, and the excellent supply of water, discharged by an odd-looking fountain, which is meant to be a representation of an ancient galley. Many fountains in Rome are magnificent, this is only droll and whimsical; if it suggest any idea to the imagination, it is that of a ship on the point of foundering. The *private* fountains in the court-yards of the nobility are generally very elegant and very tastefully furnished with aquatic plants, particularly a large-leaved species of arum; the *public* fountains are mostly grand and gigantic, decorated with columns and obelisks; but the fountain of the Piazza di Spagna, is as strange as the place where it stands, which is merely a triangular nook of some extent surrounded by shops and lodging-houses, well enough in themselves, but too common-place to make us linger on the way to St. Peter's.

We now pass through the Via de Condotti (i. e. streets of the conduits,) a straight, well-frequented thoroughfare, which leads to the Corso. It is crowded with shops for the sale of mosaics, cameos, bronzes, marbles, and all sorts of virtú and knick-knackery, and consequently is a great lounge for those who have time and money to spare, as well as for the numerous individuals who court the smiles of that small and favoured portion of mankind. Where the great are to be seen the little will come to stare at them; and therefore a motley and amusing assemblage is generally to be found in the Via de Condotti. One only caution I will give before proceeding further, which is that though the masters of the numerous and tempting shops are pretty honest in their way, yet an Englishman who enters for the sake of purchasing, may safely offer a *trifle* less then he is asked for any article. It goes very much against our English feelings to be obliged to bargain and haggle in this paltry manner, but the Italians in general have the habit of doing so; and whoever neglects to follow their example, will frequently pay for his purchases double their value.

In crossing the Corso we will just give one glance to the right, to catch a view of the distant obelisk which stands in the Piazza del Populo, and another to the left, for the sake of the long perspective of houses and palaces which stretch in that direction, and then pass on to the Via della Fontanella. We are now advancing into shabbier and more densely inhabited parts of Rome, the Tiber is immediately on our right, though it is concealed from the view by the crowded houses; still, every now and then we arrive suddenly at some object of architectural splendour. That large building, for instance, which we have just passed, and which extends far away to the right, is the Borghese palace. The reputation of its picture gallery would tempt us to enter, but we must proceed, and in proceeding, the further we advance the narrower, the dirtier, and the worse paved are the streets. At last we arrive at a point where a branch of the thoroughfare suddenly reverts to the left; this is the Via dell' Orso, or *Bear-street*, which leads to the Pantheon, the Piazza Navona (formerly the circus Agonalis), and to the site of the Campus Martius, which is now the most crowded part of modern Rome. However, we must leave all these attractions and the path which conducts to them, simply observing that the corner house, with its odd-looking archway and rude frescos of bears painted on its front, is the residence of a remarkable personage, and is in some sense, the centre of Europe. For Signor Balzani, one of the principal vetturini in Italy, here holds his court, and if you desire to travel to any part of the continent economically and by easy stages, you cannot do better than apply to him: he will give you strong horses, an easy carriage, and a civil driver.

Of the Italian vetturini, as the Italians themselves confess, "ce ne sono buoni, e ce ne sono mali," "there are good, and there are bad," but in general they are an honest, open-hearted, enterprising set of men. Without ever having even seen a map, a vetturino has a tolerably correct knowledge of all the principal routes and cities of Europe; and without the assistance of books, he acquires *some* proficiency in several languages. He rises early, goes to bed late, and is exposed indifferently to storm and sunshine. A few days in the year he devotes to the society of his wife and children, but he leaves them abruptly to travel *somewhere*, he cares not in what direction. His face is well known in every capital, his acquaintances are numberless; but as his visits are transient, so is his intercourse with them brief, for his *salute* is "Addio! caro," his *greeting* is "good bye!" Such is the vetturino.

But we must move on, and in fact there is little worth stopping for. This building to the right with the Cipollino columns on the front of the first story, is the Teatro di Apollo, or Opera House; and as we pass it, the street widens, we arrive at an open space, the green Tiber (I wonder why they called it *yellow*)* runs immediately beneath our feet, and we must cross the bridge of St. Angelo. What strange things are these statues of angels, which stand on the piers and abutments of the bridge! Let the admirers of Bernini come here, and see with what infinite humour his own pupils have caricatured his peculiar style, and that too under his own superintendence. The drapery which hangs about these angelic creatures, seems to be agitated by all the four winds of heaven blowing at once, and they are straining themselves into impossible attitudes, which aim at the line of beauty *doubly* twisted and circumflexed. It is really wonderful how Bernini could have sculptured so many tolerable works, since I do not remember one which can truly be called either natural or expressive.

The French *intended* to clear away the whole of the left-hand side of the street leading from the Castle of St. Angelo to the Piazza di San Pietro, which would have given a finer view of the church than any which can now be obtained. For observe, as we approach the building the cupola disappears behind the lofty façade, in the same manner as the peak of a mountain is hid when you come close under one of its shoulders. The colonnades too produce no adequate effect till you are completely within their area. In proceeding through the usual thoroughfare to view St. Peter's, there is no one *first* point of view, no surprise, no sudden burst of splendour, as there is at St. Mark's square at Venice, for instance; but it comes upon you by piecemeal, slowly, and gradually; and it would be almost worth while to bring a stranger to it round by some of the back lanes, and leading him under the central half of one of the colonnades, say that on the right hand, conduct him thus into the elliptical space, which they embrace within their gigantic curve. But even thus he would see but little effect till he arrived at one of the fountains, those fountains that play constantly by day and by night, whether their waters are muddy with melted snow, or clear as the mountain rivulets that supply them; always running, except for a few hours in the year, while their channels are being cleared from weeds and rubbish. No, the front of St. Peter's excites little astonishment or admiration, and for that again we have to thank Il Signor Bernini. The original elevation by Michael Angelo may be seen painted in fresco over one of the doors in the library of the Vatican, and how infinitely simpler and grander it is, than any thing the present façade can boast of!

But what a nuisance these beggars are, who are dogging after us, with such unyielding perseverance! the more so, as some of them seem really to be in want, and we cannot help pitying them, at the same time that they are teasing us; a fat, sturdy beggar is very entertaining, and may occasionally serve to make one laugh, but I hate the sight of a poor, starving wretch, who really does appear to be in misery. And what a variety of nations there seems to be among them! "Seyn Sie so barmherzig, mein Herr, mein Vater ist krank," whispered a fair-haired little boy, with broad cheek bones and blue eyes. "Per l'amor di Dio, caro signore, datemi qualche cosa! Eccelenza! un bajocco, Eccelenza!" howls a yellow complexioned woman, with one child at her breast, and two others holding by her apron. "Charité! Monsieur; s'il vous plait, Monsieur, charité!" supplicates an upright, military-looking old man. Well, thank heaven, we have not seen an English face, nor heard an English voice among this motley train of applicants, and I sincerely hope, for the honour of our nation, that we never shall! Come,

* The waters of the Tiber are now of a very delicate sea-green; their course, or the strata over which they pass, must have greatly changed since Horace wrote "Vidimus FLAVUM Tiberim." We should almost suspect that Ainsworth had made a blunder when he explains "FLAVUS, A BRIGHT YELLOW LIKE GOLD, OR SUCH AS EARS OF CORN HAVE WHEN THEY ARE FULLY RIPE," did we not also find in Horace the line, "Credula nec FLAVOS timeant armenta leones." The Arno has now exactly the same tint that the Tiber had in ancient times.

let us step quickly on, out of the reach of this wretched squad. We are too close under the buildings to see any thing of its architecture, so let us march directly up the slope, and enter. And now that we are safe within the vestibule, we shall soon get rid of our troublesome attendants. It is of no use attempting to send them off by relieving them, for a fresh crowd will immediately succeed; and those you have already fed will remain, if it be only for the pleasure of having a good stare at you. Don't throw away your bajocchi so fruitlessly, you might as well attempt to satisfy a swarm of Indian locusts, but come at once into the body of the church: there at least they cannot follow us. I will lift up for you the thickly-padded leather curtain, which hangs in the doorway. What a rush of air into the building, is there not? There, step in, look about you, and I will leave you to yourself for a few minutes.

And now, Sir, tell me, if you please, what strikes you most in all this vast assemblage of wonders. Ah! I see by your eye that it is not the magnitude of the edifice, nor the gilded roof, nor the marble columns, nor the mosaic pictures, nor the soft streaming light, nor the tempered atmosphere,—but, it is that tall, black, grisly idol, seated, like a mocking fiend, upon his throne of state, as if he were the presiding demon of the place! Before him are the ever burning lamps that encircle that hollow vault, the tomb of St. Peter, which, how magnificent soever it may be, *to me* seems yawning like a pit of destruction. Mark! how his votaries approach singly, in reverential files, to bend the knee, and bow the forehead, and mutter the prayer, and kiss that half-worn foot on which once stood the statue of a Pagan god. And his victims—can such an idol be without his victims! Listen to those heavenly sounds which are streaming through the open door-way of yonder chapel, and at the same time watch the countenances of the crowd who throng to hear the music. The harmony and expression are perfect, the melody soft and enchanting. Why then do the women listen with a mocking smile, and an air of derision! Why do the men regard these exquisite musicians with a look of pity! *Those* are the victims sacrificed before the idol! and their duty is to chaunt in honour of the fiend who has destroyed them! You see that boy who is trained, and tutored, and supported by the rest, what constant attention, what flattering kindness he receives! Poor child! They instruct and adopt him, *for he is become one of themselves.** You remember the wretched being with streaming hair, a crooked, mis-shapen body, and a squeaking voice, who supplicated our charity as we were coming to the temple—he too is another victim; but he is turned adrift to beg, steal, or starve, for he has no talent, and no voice to sing. But puffed up with vanity, with fatness, and with gay clothing, *they* may not feel their degradation and their wretchedness as we feel it for them. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb—and besides it is foolish to brood unnecessarily over painful objects, which we can neither remedy nor alleviate, so we will pass on to something else. But before entirely quitting this awful and imposing figure, it may be worth while to mention a circumstance which shows how differently the same exciting cause strikes the imagination of different individuals.

I had mentioned in a small circle of friends the impression produced upon my mind by this (so called) brazen statue. A gentleman present observed that he did not recollect it, and the following morning visited St. Peter's for the sake of inspecting what I had considered so remarkable. In the evening I enquired the result of his researches, and *he had not been able to find it.* Not able to see a black statue at least seven or eight feet high, with a golden lamp eternally burning before it, seated on a marble chair under a crimson canopy, elevated from the pavement by a pedestal nearly the height of a man, placed in a most conspicuous point of view, and the object of continual veneration to thousands! Well, some people may have eyes, and hearts, and imaginations,—but others we might almost believe, are born to go through the world without being burthened with any such troublesome appendages.

We have had a glance at the most abject of the slaves who are chained to the walls of this mighty temple, let us, for the sake of the contrast, now cast our eyes at the higher order of beings—at the lords, the princes, almost the demigods of this vast fane. Let us dare to look at one of those mysterious beings who has a chance, a possibility of becoming one day the man-god, the grand lama of Europe. Here comes a Cardinal! We are fortunate to day. He is about to perform his private devotions—in public.—It does seem strange that a man cannot say his prayers without being accompanied by a train-bearer, a confessor, and three or four servants with cocked-hats, canes, and laced liveries. You and I could not really open our hearts to the Deity in the midst of such a state paraphernalia; and I believe most people, Englishmen at least, would be of our opinion. Observe how delicately his running footman wipes with a towel the foot of the statue, which has just been sullied by vulgar lips; and note, after he has kissed the toe of St. Peter, with what regularity each of his train follow according to their precedence, and repeat his motions. Mark also with what address the purple-vested trainbearer manages the twisted roll of scarlet drapery as his Eminence proceeds from station to station. It must be an unhappy life after all, that of a Cardinal, to have every motion so cramped and restrained by etiquette that he cannot even enter a church and pray to the Almighty without having a suit of hangers-on, of attendants, of domestic spies constantly pursuing him, and tracking his footsteps. To some men who are unbroken to restraint, what a life of misery would this be. But old age loves respect; and by constant habit the daily incense of this worship and eye-service may become as necessary as the air we breathe.

"Ah well—this talk may be all very fine," says the visitor to St. Peter's, getting a little tired of the cicerone, as well as of the Cardinal, "but it is excessively dull, and has a great tendency to set me yawning. You make but a very poor guide to the lions, and unless you become a little more lively, I certainly shall not think of recommending you to my friends, and you will not make a fortune by your profession. Come, brush up, my man, and tell us something funny! Is there no good joke about the Pope, or some nice little story concerning the Cardinals that is worth hearing?"

"No, Sir, no; I don't recollect any thing of the kind,—or if I do, I am prudent enough to say nothing about it. Did you never hear that there were such things as spies in Rome? Did you ever stop to look at Punch, or listen to a ballad-singer in the streets, without observing that a priest or a friar had slyly insinuated himself into the crowd! And why has that old gentleman, who now is peeping at us so earnestly through his eyeglass, been listening to our conversation for the last five minutes, 'giudizio, Signore giudizio!'"

"But we are talking English. They surely cannot understand that, and therefore we are safe."

"Pardon, Monsieur, no such thing. Have you noticed those confessional boxes placed at regular intervals against the wall? And have you remarked that they are labelled English, French, Polish, Armenian, and so forth, that every nation of the civilized globe may reveal their backslidings in their mother tongue? If the holy church have confessors for all languages, why may she not have spies also?"

"But surely no *Englishmen* are settled at Rome in the character of ——"

"Suspend your judgment, Sir, for one moment, and wait till those rosy-cheeked, sackcloth-covered, rope-encircled friars have waddled past us. What is it they are saying to each other?"

"Be aisy, now, honey, be aisy, I tell ye—and hould your tongue till I tell ye all about it."

"There, Sir, you see, are two shaven crowns, who, if they had the will, have also the power of listening to, and understanding moreover any confidential communications we might make to each other. However, I believe I may safely inform you that the Cardinals are very jealous of the Pope, and of each other; and it is said that a certain English gentleman of fortune and family, who has consented to become one of the body, Mr. Weld, lived at first in much too good style to suit either the pockets or the pride of his colleagues, and that he afterwards found it as well to fall to the level of those by whom he is surrounded. It is also whispered that the holy conclave are fond of electing as pope some one of their number who is weakly, decrepit, and perhaps nearly imbecile, in order to avoid putting themselves under a sovereign who has the capability, if he has the inclination to take the reins into his own hands. They certainly have overreached themselves in this manner in one or two instances, as several Popes, immediately after their election, have almost miraculously cast their skin, and have appeared to be suddenly invigorated with the freshness of youth. One cunning old pontiff, who used to stoop a good deal, and be constantly leaning on crutches during his cardinalate, most unexpectedly threw them aside on his elevation to the popedom, and walked as upright as any member of the college. His friends were struck with astonishment at the change, and requested an explanation of the difference observable in his manner of carriage; to which he merely replied that formerly he was looking for the keys of St. Peter, and now he had found them.

"Scandal respecting the highest dignitaries of the church is of course always flying about the eternal city; but it is no more probable that a few of them may have been men of not unyielding morals, than it is that falsehoods are propagated respecting many others, and that by far the greater portion of their number are adorned by character, learning, and benevolence. Of these matters it is very difficult for a stranger to judge, as he can hear but little, and he must not believe the half of what he hears.

"However, if we allow the popes to be virtuous in general, we must at least charge them with being sometimes a little too prudish. That marble statue of Justice, after the designs of Michael Angelo, which was already sufficiently draped for any reasonable person, has received an additional covering of bronze from the hands of Bernini. Bernini again spoiling what his predecessors had left perfect! But in this instance we cannot blame *him*, as he was obliged to act according to orders, and the only wonder is that he has done so little damage to the figure. The legend says that several foolish young gentlemen have successively fallen in love with it, and did, I don't know what with themselves in consequence; but it is astonishing how any of Michael Angelo's grim beauties could excite the tender passion. The most loveable thing in the whole church is the Genius by Canova, which stands close by the Communion of St. Girolamo. Grace, ease, and tenderness combine to form a creature of perfect ideal beauty. There is something so angelic and unearthly in its character, that you are puzzled to pronounce which sex it belongs to. It is a compound of female softness united to masculine vigour and elasticity; and in moulding this Genius, Canova has created a new order of beings. One could stand and feed one's gaze forever.

"Are you fond of relics? There are plenty here, but we cannot get at them. Of the few which are exposed to the public, those two beautifully twisted columns of white marble which are elevated in that niche half way between the pavement and the cupola, are said to have been brought from the temple at Jerusalem; and that splendid Corinthian pillar near the Pièta of Michael Angelo, is affirmed to be one against which our Saviour leaned while discoursing in the Temple. Many of the Roman relics are undoubtedly spurious, but I am far from being so universally sceptical upon the subject as many persons profess to be. It is certain that all the relics to which any degree of credit is attached were actually brought from the Holy Land, and it is more than probable that those who imported them believed them to be genuine. When, as in the cloister of St. John Lateran, they show you with a grave face the well from which the woman of Samaria was drawing water when our Saviour addressed her, the stone on which the cock was perched when he crew to St. Peter, the two halves of a column rent in twain at the Crucifixion, &c., &c., we may reasonably assent to what we are told with a certain degree of mental reservation; but it would be difficult I think to prove the impossibility that a pillar may now stand in the church of St. Peter's at Rome which formerly made part of the Temple at Jerusalem.

"But I see you are almost tired, so we will return home. You must come again, and again, and again, in order to understand thoroughly the marvels heaped together upon this spot. Every tomb, every mosaic picture, almost every block of marble is a study, and has its history and its associations. The human mind can regale itself with only a limited quantity of dainties at one repast, so we will retire now that we have feasted sufficiently for one day.

"And having once more arrived at the open air, you will confess that your eyes are dazzled and your mind is saturated with the number and variety of the new ideas you have just imbibed. Our friend, the Cardinal, seems also to have taken his leave, and is driving off in a carriage that is resplendent with gilding, brick-red, and waggon-blue. The only respectable part of his equipage (to English eyes) are the black, long-tailed horses, and they really are handsome. But *one* wholesome, healthy-looking footman would make a far better appearance than the *three* unwashed, unshaven, ill-clad varlets who ride behind his Eminence's vehicle. They are now rumbling off in quest of his palace through some of the intricate windings and dirty streets of Campus Martius. *We* will take a short cut across the fields, pass the Tiber by the ferry-boat, and, on arriving at Monte Pincio, I hope we shall find that the 'trattore' has sent us an excellent dinner, for I am sure we have worked hard, and well deserve it." D.

*The liberal spirited reader will dissent from these opinions.

KING'S NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

Mr. King was the surgeon and naturalist to the expedition which was sent out under Captain Back, to go in search of Captain Ross, and, as a second object, to survey the yet unexamined coast of the Arctic Sea. The reader of the *Spectator* for May 28th, may recollect that the first object was superseded by the return of Ross, and that the second failed, after the descent of the Great Fish river, for the first time by Europeans, in consequence of the accumulation of ice in the sea at its mouth, and the lateness of the season; he may also remember, that the scientific discoveries made, were dry in their statements, and judiciously placed in an appendix, as well as that the popular characteristic of the work was *endurance*. Those who have studied Captain Back's *Arctic Land Expedition* itself, are aware that it is divisible into three distinct parts,—the first consisting of the journey from Montreal to Fort Reliance, the winter station of the discoverers at the head of the Great Slave Lake; during which the privations and hardships, although considerable, are what are continually encountered by the various persons in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. The second part embraces hybernation in a log-hut, on cold, and short commons; and the third narrates the difficulties and dangers attendant upon their over-land and over-ice journey to the banks of the Great Fish River, and the perils of its descent. As, with very few exceptions, Mr. King traversed the same ground as Captain Back, and for the greater part of the time in his company, it may seem that there was no necessity for the present publication: nor, perhaps, in strictness was there. At the same time, the subject is new enough to bear recurring to; and various circumstances combine to induce sufficient diversity between the narratives of the commander and the surgeon and naturalist.

In the first place, the pursuits of Mr. King gave him a field of observation more extensive, various, and less easily exhausted, than the prospects of the country, or the hardships of adventure; and of these he has judiciously availed himself, interspersing his narratives with popular notices of the characters and habits of the animals met with during the expedition. The *ingenuas artes* have also exerted their influence upon him; and though they may not have given him more of the *humanitas* than pertained to Captain Back, they have produced a more speculative and philosophical cast of mind; which shows itself in his descriptions of the customs and condition of the Indian races, as well as in his estimate of their character. The close of the journey, too, was made under his direction; his superior having started for England by a quicker way, whilst during part of the expedition Captain Back went on in the advance, leaving Mr. King to follow with the *personnel* and *materiel;* so that he had opportunities of seeing more of the manners and characters of the adventurers, and their life while at labour, than his chief. He has, moreover, judiciously profited by the previous publication, to avoid clashing with or imitating his precursor; giving only a general impression of the more striking passages of the *Arctic Land Expedition*, unless it be in the case of the dreadful sufferings of the Indians during the first winter.

It is a common complaint among the higher orders, and those who wish to appear to belong to them, that there is no finding a select spot. Every watering-place in England, or on the European Continent, is crowded by the *profanum vulgus;* the impudence of poachers, or the influence of wealth, penetrates everywhere, and forestalls the rightful owner, or his friends, of sport and profit amongst the *feræ naturæ;* and even so far north as Norway, there is the risk of meeting one knows not who. But the Arctic regions of North America are still open to those who have courage, constitution, time and money. In their brief summer, the woods are teeming with foliage, and the earth with flowers; the waters swarm with fish of new and various species; the air is sometimes almost darkened by flocks of birds; and especially far north, animals are found of different kinds—the moose-deer, the musk-ox, and the rein-deer, to say nothing of bears—which afford excitement to the hunter and task his utmost powers. Nor does even the winter seem without its objects of interest or active pursuits; neither is the cold itself, according to Mr. King, so tremendous as the thermometer would lead one to fear, whilst it evidently braces for exertion.

"As the severe weather was by this time over, and I had seen the thermometer on the 17th of January 102° below the freezing-point, had slept in an atmosphere of 82° below, "under the canopy of heaven," with a single blanket for a covering, and had had some experience in snow-shoe walking, I may be allowed to make a few remarks upon the intensity of cold in the inhospitable regions of the North, as they are termed. During a calm, whether the thermometer stood at 70° or 7° minus zero, was to me in sensation the same; and although I have experienced a difference in temperature of 80° from cold to heat, and *vice versa*, in the course of twenty-four hours, still its change was not sufficiently oppressive to put a stop to my usual avocations. I have been shooting grouse at every change of the thermometer, from the highest to the lowest point, wearing the very same clothing as in England on a summer's day,—a fur cap, moccasins, and mittens excepted, instead of a hat, tanned leather shoes or boots, and kid gloves. Merely a cotton shirt was sufficient to protect my breast from the most intense cold that has ever been registered; and notwithstanding my waistcoats were made double breasted, I never felt sufficiently cold to be under the necessity of buttoning them: neither flannel nor leather was worn by me in any way. It must be understood, however, that I am only speaking of the temperature during a calm, or when the atmosphere is but slightly in motion. The lowest descent of the thermometer would not prevent my making an excursion of pleasure; but a higher temperature by 40°, accompanying a stiff breeze, would confine me to the house: the sensation of cold, as I have said before, depends so much more upon the force of the wind than upon the state of the thermometer. Such endurance may appear incredible to those persons who have read each ponderous quarto as it issued forth, fearful in aspect as in subject; and it is no wonder. I was astonished at myself, while sporting in a country always portrayed as unfit either for man or beast; but, what was my astonishment, when, hopping before me from bough to bough, the lesser redpole caught my sight—the little bird that so frequently adorns, in England, the cottager's room! If so small a creature can find the climates of England and Great Slave Lake equally congenial to its constitution, surely man may exist there. A sudden transition from heat to cold produced cramps,—a fact well worthy the notice of those persons who are subject to that painful disease: for an extra blanket or two, and a trusty thermometer to indicate when to put them on and pull them off, may save much excruciating pain and many restless nights. * * * * *

"On the 16th, by following the track of the men, I reached their encampment between ten and eleven o'clock,—an estimated distance of twenty-three miles, when we commenced our return. Notwithstanding the wind was blowing fresh enough to drift the snow, the thermometer at the same time indicating a temperature of 30° below zero, we arrived at the saw-pit at four o'clock in the afternoon. The country was so hilly and broken, that to attempt another trip under two days was impossible; for which time the men were not provisioned. I started, therefore, for the fort, with one man, at six, in order to obtain a fresh supply; where I arrived at half-past nine; having accomplished, since five o'clock in the morning, a computed distance of fifty-eight miles. I do not mention this as any thing extraordinary, but merely to show that much greater distances can be made in a cold climate than in a temperate one; for less exertion by three-fourths, in England, has on more than one occasion completely tired me."

Here is a description of a Northern luxury.

THE WHITE FISH, AND HOW TO CATCH THEM.

"The *coregonus albus*, or white fish, is an inhabitant of all the interior lakes of America, and celebrated for the delicacy of its flavour. Several Indian tribes subsist upon it; and it forms the principal food, at many of the fur-posts, for eight or nine months in the year. Although it is a rich, fat fish, instead of producing satiety, it becomes daily more agreeable to the palate; so much so, that, though deprived of bread and vegetables, those who make use of it as daily food are never tired of it. The colour of the flesh is bluish white, changing when boiled to a pure white; whence its appellation of white fish. When in season, it is loaded with fat, particularly between the shoulders, where it forms quite a hump; the stomach is extremely thick, and considered a sweet morsel by the voyagers. In October, the "attihawmeg," as it is called by the Crees, or the "poisson blanc" of the Canadians, quits the lakes and enters the rivers to spawn. It has some resemblance to a herring; and, like that fish, dies speedily when taken out of the water. Its usual weight is from two to three pounds, though sometimes it has been caught weighing seven or eight. The fish are taken in winter in gill-nets, after an easy method; as many holes are made in the ice with a chisel at a distance of ten or twelve feet from each other, as the length of the net may require; when a line is passed beneath them by means of a long pole, and readily conveyed from one hole to another by the assistance of a forked stick, until it arrives at the last. The net is then strung upon the line; to either end of which a large stone is fixed, to keep it from expanding and rising from the bottom with every waft of the current, as it otherwise would do. In overhauling or searching a net, the two extreme holes are opened; when the line is veered away by one person, while the net is hauled from under the ice by another. In angling for fish in winter, no other process is required than that of cutting a round hole in the ice, from one to two feet in diameter, and letting down a baited hook, which should be kept in motion, not only for the purpose of preventing the water from freezing round about it, but the more readily to attract the attention of the fish."

Allusion has already been made to the author's inquiries into the habits, character, and customs of the Indians. Here are a few of the results.

INDIAN THEOLOGY.

"Old Soul, a Chipewyan, and renowned warrior in his youthful days, freely and cheerfully related to us the tradition current among his tribe with regard to the creation; being in substance as follows. The Indian did not pretend to give an opinion in what way man got into the world, but commenced by saying he made his first appearance during the summer months, when the berries were abundant on the earth, upon which his subsistence entirely depended. As soon as the depth of winter set in, the depth of snow inconvenienced him to so great a degree, that, in accordance with the trite adage "necessity is the mother of invention," he at once conceived the formation of the snow-shoe. After the lapse of a short time, the birchen frames were perfected; but as he could not net them, for that was a woman's work, they remained unfinished in his lodge; from which circumstance, his labour was very much increased, and the chance of gaining a subsistence became every day more precarious. One day, on returning to his hut, a noise as if some one was working at the snow-shoe frames, attracted his notice; and upon a nearer approach, a wood-partridge flew from the opening at the top, which at that time he paid but little regard to. The succeeding day he sallied forth on another hunting excursion; and having remained out until quite dark, his attention was suddenly drawn towards his hut by the appearance of volumes of smoke issuing from it. Returning home with all speed, he perceived a wood-partridge again make its escape; and on entering the tent, found his snow-shoes more than half-netted, and carefully placed beyond the reach of a fire that was blazing inside. Suspecting the partridge had effected all this, though in what manner could not be divined, he determined to secure it if at all practicable; and with this view, the roof of the tent was carefully closed prior to his departure on another hunting trip which he took a few days afterwards. It occurred to him, that by returning earlier than usual, the bird might be taken by surprise: he therefore approached the door of the tent with the utmost caution, and was fortunate enough by that means to cut off the retreat of the partridge, which instantly became metamorphosed into a young wife; whence the world soon became peopled."

INDIAN VANITIES.

"That vanity forms a part of the Indian character, we had ample proof this winter, on taking some portraits with the camera lucida. A young female having unfortunately lost the sight of one of her eyes, had ingeniously formed a drop-curl, which effectually hid the blemish; and when, by drawing her flowing hair on one side, that her face might be the more perfectly reflected on the paper, the defect was exposed to our view, she was so exceedingly mortified as for a long time to refuse sitting for her portrait, and then persisted in covering that imperfection. Akaitcho, who had an excrescence about the size of a pea upon his forehead, seemed amused in the highest degree as long as he thought its appearance on paper was intended as a caricature; but finding it remained so, he placed his finger over the representation, observing, with a smiling countenance, in that way it was năzōō (good); but, withdrawing his finger, he said, in a contemptuous manner, năzōōlāh (bad). Green-stocking, the Indian belle represented in Franklin's Narrative, remarked, on presenting herself before the instrument, that she was now old, and unworthy of being drawn. The sketch, however, was no sooner finished than she appeared highly delighted, and asked whether we thought the great chief in England (meaning Sir John Franklin) would remember her?"

HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF A WOOD.

"In this perplexity, it was fortunate that I had elicited from the natives their mode of penetrating the vast forests of their birth, which till now has been a source of astonishment to every sojourner in North America. The most scientific observer, when involved in an extensive and unknown wood, at a time when the sun is obscured, although he should be in possession of every mathematical instrument he could wish, is totally unable to worm his way; and soon getting bewildered and fatigued, falls a sacrifice either to cold or starvation. With what uniformity a lost man travels in circles, in place of making a direct course, was exemplified in two gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company but a short time ago. While their men were occupied in making a portage, they strolled into the woods, and after a time commenced their return. The period having elapsed that ought to have ended their walk, the cause was at once evident; yet they continued on, until reaching a fallen tree rather more remarkable than the rest, one of the two expressed an opinion that he had passed it but a few moments before; but, from want of unanimity, no further notice was then taken of the circumstance. A third time they reached the tree, yet not thoroughly convinced of the fact; so they engraved a mark, and a few minutes more actually brought them to the very same spot again. Seating themselves on their old friend, they wisely fired off their guns; the report of which soon brought some of the party to their relief.

"The Indian, however, is not exposed to such accidents; for he has learned by experience, that that portion of each pine tree which points to the Northern horizon, has fewer branches than that part which faces the opposite quarter, where, from exposure to the rays of the sun, germination is more productive, Under the terms of the rising and setting sun, the other principal points are known to the natives; and they have doubtless terms for many of the intermediate ones. Thus has Nature planted innumerable and never-failing compasses to guide through a trackless and interminable forest.

'Her sylvan tribes of children of the chase.'

Moreover, the inclination of the trees to the South are farther guides; and if a valley or any other spot should intervene where the sun has not exerted that influence, which is the case in more exposed situations, they are directed by the position of the fallen trees. Judging from their appearance of the period when they were blown down, and tracing in their memory the direction whence the storm or hurricane then came, they are able to obtain tolerably correct bearings. To some persons this stretch of the mind may appear incredible; but to those who are acquainted with Indian character, it will not be a matter of the least astonishment.

"It was by such means that I reached the fort, and relieved the minds of my friends from an anxiety which my prolonged absence had occasioned."

Mr. King has deemed it necessary to apologize for the paucity of his collections in natural history, on account of circumstances over which he had no controul; Captain Back having at the outset forbidden the men to occupy themselves in the pursuit of specimens, alleging the delay that had ensued in former expeditions from this cause; and when the captain had departed, Mr. King found himself alike fettered by the nature of his instructions and the responsibility they imposed. He also complains, that the Arctic Land Committee have kept back some of his papers and specimens, in defiance of the agreement made with him; and we suspect, that if he and his chief set their horses well together, Mr. King did not approve of the route that was taken, or of the manner of pursuing it. At all events, which is more important, he does not now; and, since Government refuses to aid him, he proposes to take the survey of the coast himself, if so small a sum as 1000*l.* can be raised, of which a part is already subscribed. Captain Back, as we have said, wintered in the Northern end of the Great Slave Lake; and thence travelled to the Great Fish River, in the following summer. Mr. King, on information procured from the Indians, (which, it should be borne in mind, was all that the present expedition was based upon,) proposes to proceed at once to a tributary of that river, and winter there; by which means, he will have a shorter land and lake journey, traversing as it were the string of a bow instead of the arc; and, what is more important, be ready to start at once on the breaking-up of winter, without losing time and fatiguing his men by a laborious land journey. He also intends to proceed differently; taking few instead of many followers; and navigating in a canoe such as the Indians and traders use, instead of a great sea-boat;

for the canoe is swifter, and in case of rapids, falls, or the contemplated land survey of the course, four men carry it with ease, whilst the larger boats can scarce be lifted by the men they hold. On reaching the Arctic Ocean, Mr. King proposes to make the survey of the coast, either by land or water, or both, as circumstances permit. That the plan is bold, will be readily admitted; but it does not follow that it is rash. With care and prudence, dangers from man are not to be apprehended; numbers have no power over the rigour of the climate; and if the gross quantity of food and other necessaries that can be carried is less, so is the number among which they are to be divided. Hearne made *his* discoveries by plunging unattended amongst the Indians; Mackenzie placed himself and his few followers in a canoe such as Mr. King proposes to use; and the early navigators, whose explorations later expeditions have sailed to confirm, or fall short of, were badly victualled, in comparative cockle-shells. For these, as in other affairs, the material means and appliances are of trivial consequence compared with the qualifications of the men who are to apply them. "Depend upon it gentlemen," said Astley Cooper, in one of his lectures, "those surgeons who are always constructing new instruments and altering old ones, are deficient here (touching his forehead.) The skill to use them is of far more consequence than their shapes or varieties."—*London Spectator.*

THE GALE.

(FROM NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES, BY LIEUT. PARSONS, R. N.)

CRUMBY'S LONG YARN.

Crumby, a grey-headed young gentleman of fifty, (*for all Midshipmen are called young gentlemen,*) and with whom the youthful lieutenant of his watch commonly created some mirth, by desiring him, as youngster, to run up the mast-head and count the convoy, now seized me by the button, by which he compelled me to listen to his yarn, as follows. "I say, youngster, that was an ugly coast we bore down upon yesterday, and reminds me of an occurrence particularly mournful." Here he hem'd, and seemed to smother a sigh. "You see, when I belonged to his Majesty's sloop——but it will be as well not to mention her name, as I cut and run one day without asking permission. Well, we were cruizing in the latitude, and by old soundings longitude, (but that by his dead reckonings could not always be depended on,) near where brother Jonathan said he had discovered a dangerous cluster of rocks, to which he had affixed the appropriate name of the Devil's Grip. Well, I dined in the gun-room that day, and many a hearty laugh at the Yankee notion circulated with the bottle, for the master proved, to the satisfaction of all *but one*, at that table, that rocks could not be in the open ocean so many hundred miles from any known land, and where the deep sea-lead would not find bottom, and for which he had often tried in vain. So when the caterer bowed round, to signify that the mess allowance of wine, viz., a pint each person, was drunk, the first luf proposed an extra bottle, while we listened to the most extraordinary youth I ever met with, as he, with great fluency of speech and elegance of manner, demolished the master's premises and inferences. This young gentleman was called the captain's nephew, and might, I think, have claimed nearer relationship. He was named Paulo, after his mother Pauline, a Neapolitan Countess, who fled from a nunnery where she had been immured without asking her consent. She must have been a beauty, for her son, though of a very fragile and delicate make, was remarkably tall and handsome, with a most expressive countenance, generally clouded with a shade of melancholy. He was fond of gazing at the moon, and wrote a deal of poetry, comparing ladies' eyes to the bright stars that shone above him, all about love, and such other nonsense; but our doctor, who was a learned man, pronounced it beautiful, and said he was a genius of the first order, full of susceptibility, and with nerves too finely strung for this coarse and bustling world; at all events he was universally beloved for his gentleness and kindness of heart. At punishment you would see him, with his hands clasped and his eyes suffused with tears, looking up in his uncle's face with such an imploring look to spare the culprit, whilst the muscles round his well formed mouth used to work, as the sharp lash fell on the tender skin of the sufferer. The captain was a stern, unbending man, but his iron countenance softened at the visible agony of this glorious youth, who frequently gained his point, and the last dozen was remitted. He said, as far as I could understand him, that the shell of the earth was trifling compared to its interior, which was supposed to be in a state of fusion, and hence arose volcanos, and earthquakes, the heaving up of lands that had been the bed of the ocean, and the submersion of others; that the vast Atlantic itself was supposed by some philosopher to have once been habitable and a great continent; all this was too learned, and made no impression on any one but the doctor, so we drank the captain's toast of 'good afternoon,' and went to our usual duty. Mine was to keep the first watch, and before one bell I relieved the mate of the dog-watch. Old Soundings, fortified by a nor-wester, was officer of the watch. The gale blew hard, right aft, and we were clashing through a heavy sea in merry style. 'I think, sir,' said I, addressing my officer without touching the hat, the night being too dark for him to notice the omission, a point on which he was *very particular*, 'I think sir, that the sea seems inclined to kick up a bobbery to-night, and is rising fast.' 'I am of the same opinion, youngster, but what is that a-head?' At this moment the look-out man at the bow-sprit sung out, 'Breakers a-head,' and this was reiterated by the cat-head men, 'Breakers on both bows,' in that indescribable tone of alarm that carries instant conviction of great danger, and causes revulsion of the blood. This terrific announcement woke even the sleepers, for in less time than I take to tell you, every man and boy was on deck, most of them in their shirts, poor dear Paulo, looking more like an aerial spright than of mortal mould, ran after the captain, who went out on the cap of the bowsprit, and looked steadily around, which required nerves of iron, for right a-head seemed a vast barrier of rocks, on which the sea was wildly breaking, throwing its white spray to the clouds, and on each side, as the mad waves receded, was seen their black tops pressing through the cream froth that surrounded us, the gallant ship, bounding like a greyhound at the rate of ten knots full upon them, so that in a few minutes would dash her to atoms, for she seemed to me to increase her speed, probably from an indraught in the reef. 'Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,' their manly brows blanched it is true, for it was a sight of such horror, youngster, that my hair turned perfectly white, and I shut my eyes, with the sinner's last ejaculation, of 'God be merciful to me,' but not before I had seen Paulo, the beautiful and good Paulo, with the scream of a maniac, jump into the boiling surf. The manly tone of the captain's voice was heard high above the roar of the breakers, 'Port the helm! Port! and silence all of you; your lives depend on your steadiness and stanch obedience. Master, take the weather-wheel, and steer for an opening two points before the starboard beam! We may find water through the reef where it does not break so heavily. Brace forward the yards!' The lee gunwale buried itself in the agitated waters, as she sprung to the wind. 'Let fly the main topgallant sheet!' The sail blew to ribbons, and saved the topmast. 'Now, master, hard up with the helm, and square away the yards! Send her between those high rocks where the sea does not break.' The noble ship leaped between them, while the spray from them washed some of the unnerved over the bulwarks, and their last despairing cry was drowned in the roar of the surf. She steered beautifully in the master's able hands, who had frequently declared, that he could turn her through the eye of a needle, and this channel between the breakers was like one, and very little wider than her main yard. Nothing was heard from old Soundings, but 'Port it is!' 'Starboard with-all!' not forgetting *Sir* at the end of each response. As I went to assist him at the wheel, after drawing in a long breath, I heard him mutter, 'Who would have thought the Yankee notion true, but it is the Devil's Grip, and a devilish ugly one it is, for sartin.' 'We are through the reef, thank Almighty God,' said the captain, and it came warm from his heart. 'Master, we will heave-to till day-light.' 'Better take a larger offing,' said Soundings, 'the devil may have a young grip forming in the wake of his mother.' 'Keep a good look-out for breakers,' called the captain, 'and Mr. Handrail, shorten sail for laying her to.' We hove-to a league to the leeward of the most frightful cluster of rocks that ever reared their ugly heads above the wide and open sea. 'But where is my boy Paulo?' said the captain. I advanced, and gave my doleful story. It would have been more merciful to have shot him dead, his strong and pent-up feelings broke down in a torrent of grief, the big tears coursed each other down his weather-beaten cheeks, as he exclaimed, 'Oh Paulo! my good and gentle son Paulo, would to God that I had died for thee!' There is something so affecting in the grief of a strong mind like the captain's, so firm, that he retained self possession in the midst of scenes that paralyzed the heart and blanched the boldest front, that all shed tears as they heard him exclaim, in the bitter accents of heart-broken misery, that he was bereaved and desolate, and would welcome death as a cessation from intolerable anguish. I alone stood firm, not being of the melting mood, though I dearly loved the boy, who haunts me in my sleep: I saw him last night, plain as I see you, and heard his maniac scream as he jumped into the agitated waters." Saying this, Crumbie pulled off my button, and burst into tears. I respected his feelings too much to recall to mind his previous declaration of stoicism. "The master," said he, "called for a nor-wester, to comfort him, saying, 'grief always made him dry.' The captain did his duty mechanically, but the elasticity of his step and his manly deportment had, like his gentle son, left him for ever. He was never after seen to smile; retired on half-pay, and soon 'went to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.'"

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Crumby, who, under a rough exterior, possessed a feeling heart, now paused in his interesting narrative of by-gone days, and all on deck, that were pacing to and fro, stopped short, while every eye was turned on the sick camp, for from that quarter came a shrill and piercing cry as of human agony in its last extremity, mingled with a complication of roarings and noises that baffles description. Crumby assured me, (who was what he called a green horn and Johnny Newcombe,) that the scream proceeded from an immense number of jackalls, and the other noises, that were really deafening, from the wild beasts of the forest, who had been drawn together in masses by the smell of the sick, on whom they must be meditating an attack, and from their cries he supposed them in a voracious state of hunger, and in great force surrounding three sides of the camp, on which, making use of his expression, they meant to have a mortal gorge, Cromby's favourite term for gluttony. The quick firing of the sentinels, and the sound of the bugle calling the troops to arms, induced Lord Keith to make the night signal for launches, manned and armed with cannonades with grape and canister, to advance on the forest. We soon drove the ferocious assailants to their native wilds, while the camp fires threw their wild glare over the romantic scenery of this little known but wonderful piece of nature's workmanship, on the grandest scale. The next day, a greater clearance was effected round the camp, and quantities of fuel brought in to keep large fires burning through the darkness of night. A petty officer and two men were missing at the muster roll, and supposed to have been carried off by the monsters of the woods. Here we lay till the latter end of February, practising our intended speculations of landing, repairing damages, and healing the sick; the weather delightful, and plenty of fresh provisions from the Island of Rhodes, to whose Governor the Turkish Admiral acting with us ordered a bastinado on the soles of the feet, for some deficiency in the supply, and it proved a very effective mode. On the 28th of February, saw the low sandy coast of Egypt, or rather Pompey's Pillar, near Alexandria, received the report of blockading squadron, and anchored in Aboukir Bay on the 1st March. Unfortunately the weather came on so bad as to occasion a heavy surf on the beach, the intended scene of our operations during the gale. The Foudroyant struck heavily on the wreck of the L'Orient, the unfortunate Bruyer, who was burnt in that celebrated action, that so deservedly immortalized the name of Nelson.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BANNISTER AND HIS FAMILY.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

The greatest personal favourite the metropolitan stage ever possessed has at last gone to the narrow house. Twenty-one years have passed since he closed an arduous dramatic career, amid the tears and kind wishes of many old and valued friends, and surrounded by those who, though not acquainted with him in private, had publicly a knowledge of, and esteem for the man fully adequate to their admiration of the actor.

John Bannister's theatrical recollections embraced every great name from the period of Quin's death to that of Edmund Kean. He was a novice when Henderson was considered one, was an established favourite when John Kemble appeared a trembling candidate for public favour. He acted Hamlet at Drury the very night Suett, long since dead, made his first bow, Edwin Quick, Mrs. Jordan, Stephen Kemble, Jack Johnson, Holman, Pope, Fawcett, Munden, Young, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. C. Kemble, Elliston, Kelly, Blanchard, Storace, Incledon, Mrs. Bland, Miss Mellon, T. and E. Knight, Emers, G. F. Cooke, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Edwin, and lastly, Mrs. Siddons, all made their first appearances, and either ceased to be, or ceased to perform, within his recollection.

Bannister, though not literally born on the stage, was frequently nursed upon it; and the first objects his infancy contemplated were the flats and drops of the Norwich and Ipswich theatres. Charles Bannister (father of John) was a native of Gloucestershire. When about fourteen, his father obtained a good appointment in the Victualling Office at Deptford, and thither young Charles also repaired. This was in the year 1752, he having been born in 1738, or the year previous. Garrick, then the star of Drury, had left a memory of his greatness at the eastern end of the metropolis. The flame that had burst forth in Goodman's-fields reached across the river; Rotherhithe communicated it to Blackwall; Blackwall wafted it to Deptford; in fact, the environs of London had a Garrick-*phobia*. The difficulty that distance created, inflamed curiosity; and the youths of that day, interdicted from late hours, were actually in a fever respecting the Roscius. Spouting clubs were as plenty as blackberries; and Charles, who had an exquisite voice, was soon seen at divers musical and theatrical meetings: being the son of an influential man, he took the lead; and in 1755-6, behold him acting Richard, Romeo, &c. &c., in a barn between Deptford and Greenwich. This came to the ears of his father, who took a very summary mode of stopping his performances, by locking poor Charles up, and taking all his clothes away. Thus left in native nakedness, he rehearsed "Poor Tom's a-cold," without the needful accompaniment of a blanket. This treatment could not endure for ever; he got his clothes again, and again returned to Deptford and the drama; and at last went to town, met an old theatrical agent at the Black Lion in Clare-court, and obtained an engagement at the Norwich theatre "for all Mr. Garrick's business, at 15*s.* per week." All his anxiety now was to conceal his vocal powers, for he dreaded being asked to play operatic characters,—he wanted to succeed the Roscius, not Beard. Whilst at Norwich, he made many applications to the great powers in the metropolis, but in vain; and as ambition burnt more dimly within him, love lit its fires, he wooed, and wedded; and in 1758, his eldest son John Bannister was born. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bannister were each of them favourites in the Norwich circuit. In society he had unfolded his vocal and mimetic propensities. His powers as a punster had also developed themselves; his company was courted, and his benefits were immense; but his expences still exceeded his income, and to eke out a scanty salary, little John's services were called into requisition.

Amid Charles Bannister's boon companions was an intimate friend of Sam Foote: he named Bannister to the great man, who immediately sent him an offer of £3 per week. Charles was transported; and, after a journey of nearly four days, the Norwich fly deposited Mr. and Mrs. Bannister and family in London. It was in May, 1762, that Charles stood trembling beside John Palmer, the former dressed as Will, the latter for Scamper, in the "Orators:" two characters less favourable to *débutantes* can scarcely be conceived. They are two Oxford scholars, who have come up to hear Foote's lecture, and who amuse themselves, ere that begins, by remarking upon the audience, and especially upon a young lady (the love of one of them) who is in the gallery. All this requires the steadiness of an old actor, and that sort of standing that enables an established favourite safely to take liberties with his auditors. Bannister's tremor was not at all reduced by seeing Garrick and O'Brien (Gentleman O'Brien) together in the boxes.

Neither of the new actors produced any extraordinary effect, but they satisfied Foote, who immediately wrote an additional scene, representing "The Robin Hood Society of Butcher Row." This was a meeting of tradesmen who devoted certain evenings to political and philosophical discussions, others to spouting and singing. Foote's ridicule upon them was very attractive. He supposed the subject of discussion to be, "The Introduction of Usquebaugh instead of Porter; the latter Fluid being beneath the Dignity of Philosophers:" in this he introduced his new actors in various characters, and made Charles give his musical imitations; but here the latter shone more of a wit than a singer, for fright so completely took possession of him that he could not make sure of a single note in his falsetto: this, as he was imitating Tenducci, was destruction. It is to be observed that these performances took place in *the morning*, and the habits of Charles did not make that a favourable period for his displays. Foote remarked upon his failure. "I knew it would be so," said Charles; "I am all right at night, but neither *I* nor *my voice* can *get up* in the morning."

A joke excused anything with Foote; he tried Charles again and again. Thus encouraged, he gave his powers fair play, and morning after morning the great singers and musicians of the day were observed to visit the Hay-market. Miss Catley sat in the front, and heard herself imitated, laughing heartily, and warmly applauding the mimic. Giardini (the composer) pronounced his imitation of Tenducci and Champness perfection, but said the mimic had a better voice than the originals; he followed this by engaging him as a singer at the Ranelagh and Marylebone gardens; and under his (Giardini's) advice Garrick engaged Charles for Drury, and at that theatre he made his first appearance as Merlin in "Ceymon." Little John soon followed his father, and had the honour to play the Duke of York to Garrick's Richard, in 1764. Little Robert Palmer was then also enacting children's characters at Drury*, and the veterans frequently, in long after years, laughed over their childish feelings of envy at the characters cast each other, when these little fellows

"Hated with a hate known only on the stage."

Mrs. Yates (the celebrated actress) played the Queen on the occasion of John's *début*, and nursed him all the evening: this was very nearly, if not actually, Garrick's last appearance previous to his continental tour.

Charles was now on the high road to fortune; in those days of ridottos and masquerades his services were continually required, nor was any musical or convivial assemblage complete in his absence. At dinners, public and private, amid the first circles, Charles Bannister was as necessary as the wine; the custom was then not to *hire* a vocalist, as now,—a custom revolting and derogatory,—but a singer was invited as a guest by perhaps half-a-dozen or a dozen different persons at as many different times; these gentlemen then met together, and, making up a purse, enclosed it in a snuff-box or some such trifle, sending it to the vocalist, requesting his acceptance of it: this was courteous, and though only payment in another shape, spared the feelings it is now the custom to outrage. Bannister had thus the means of amassing a fortune, but he, like Macheath, "kept too fine company." John might have had a regular engagement for the Prince Arthurs, &c.; but Mrs. Charles Bannister (an amiable and sensible woman) dreaded her son following the footsteps of his father, and suffered him to visit the theatre as seldom as possible. Thus time wore on until "Master Johnny" *could* no longer act; he had become

"Out of size
For raising the supplies;"

being like Colman's Master Daw—

"For Cupidons and Fairies much too old,
For Calibans and Devils much too boyish."

He had exhibited some talent for drawing, having sketched Mrs. Yates (whom he idolized), Garrick, and Foote. The Roscius introduced him to Loutherbourg, with whom he remained on trial six months; but the painter refused to sign articles with his pupil unless a premium of £200 was paid down. This Charles could not compass; and Loutherbourg, who was a near and a necessitous man, neglected and found fault with poor John, and told Garrick, "he (John) was more fit to imitate nature on the boards than on canvass." A lady who at this time patronized Bannister's family, kindly resolved to pay the money, with the receipt of which Loutherbourg's opinion would have doubtless undergone mutation. Unfortunately, she was seized with a paralytic stroke at the very instant she was alighting at Loutherbourg's door. In two or three days afterwards she expired, having remained senseless from the moment of the attack. Poor Bannister had to seek for another friend, and Loutherbourg daily grew more dissatisfied. He had a very fine collection of scale armour, then supposed to be unique. During his absence, John, in the height of his juvenile enthusiasm, encased himself in a complete suit, and got the assistance of a servant to fasten the rivets: thus equipped, he spouted Alexander, Coriolanus, and the other characters that (even at that time), from Quin's example, had been decorated in mail. The sudden return of Loutherbourg made John scurry, and missing his step, he fell down a flight of stairs with a hideous crash, severely bruising himself, and breaking divers scales off "the unique suit of armour." Loutherbourg instantly gave him notice to quit, and John again became an inmate of his father's roof. He now pursued his art unaided, save by the encouragement of one shilling for every fresh head he painted—a reward duly bestowed by Charles, until the touching and retouching of John had transmogrified dukes into dustmen, and players into peers. On one occasion, recognizing an old acquaintance retouched, Charles gave vent to the well-known simile, "that his son was like an ordinary, come when he would it was a shilling a head."

A circumstance occurred about this time that estranged John from his father: the latter absented himself from his home, and, leaving poor Mrs. Bannister and her three children on a scanty pittance, openly lived with Mrs. Thomson, formerly Miss Poicteur*. John Bannister now exhibited the native energy of his character; he sketched profiles at the lowest price, painted signs—in short, did every thing in his power, and within his limited scope of art, to alleviate the distresses of his mother and sister. He resolutely refused to speak to his father, or countenance his mistress; and, be it remembered, that he did this at a period when vice was at its height in the metropolis, when five actresses out of six were under the "protection" of some gentleman, and when the idea of virtue being compatible with acting was ridiculed. John still retained his predilection for the boards; and having given some imitations at a party, was kindly noticed by Foote, who proposed to bring him out. The English Aristophanes, as he was ridiculously called, would no doubt have done so; but when the age of Bannister was such as to make that practicable, Foote had become involved in an accusation of such a dreadful nature, that, be the charge true or false, his name became undesirable as a patron. John's youthful aspirations were thus frustrated; and Foote, though he did not fall under the machinations of his enemies, retired†, and let the Hay-market to George Colman the elder, who had an inveterate dislike to "sucking dramatists and actors." The same year (1776), Garrick the friend of his (John's) infancy, also retired. This "unfortunate" occurrence, as Bannister deemed it, proved the reverse. Whilst Davy was the idol of Drury, he had no time to bestow on a protégé, but after his retirement he took great notice of Bannister, and employed his leisure in the instruction of his docile pupil. No doubt, too, Garrick, who was himself a good husband, compassionated the friendless state of the boy, whose natural love of his mother urged him to abstain from seeing his father. Davy was influential with the elder Colman: he said the word, and the novice was permitted to appear. Charles Bannister at this time got rid of the connexion he had formed, and father and son were reconciled. For his father's benefit, accordingly, John made his début as Dick in "The Apprentice," on the 27th August, 1778. Many may suppose that Mr. Bannister, being a favourite, would have had no difficulty in obtaining the entrée for his son: but theatres were then very different places from what modern management has made them, and it required a Garrick to command an appearance for a novice who had not had any probation in the provinces.

"John" did not shame his patron: his Dick was a hit, and he was engaged at a small salary for the remainder of the season; and through Garrick's recommendation received an offer from Drury, where he made his debut as Zaphna, in "Mahomet," of which character Garrick had been the original. Palmira, the heroine, was performed by Mrs. Robinson, commonly called "The Bird of Paradise." Garrick usually sat in the orchestra to witness his performances, and he was generally called "Davy's colt." Though universally looked upon as a promising actor in tragedy, he was no rival to Henderson, who took the lead at the other house; and in Romeo, Douglas, Achmet, &c., the applause he elicited arose more from his being at once the youngest and handsomest man on the stage, than from the excellence of his personifications. The Mantuan lovers have never been *looked* so well as by Bannister and Mrs. Robinson.

It was in his "Imitations," however, that he was now allowed to excel. That the power of imitation seldom accompanies original talent is a vulgar error, or rather one of those absurdities that men venture from the universal desire they feel to deny the existence of various faculties in one being. All our greatest actors have been good mimics. Colley Cibber imitated Downes so closely as to render it difficult to discriminate between the original and the copy. Garrick and Henderson gave imitations of all their brethren for years—the former, to the last, always flavouring his Bayes, in the Rehearsal, with some of these speaking likenesses. Kean's mimetic powers are in every one's recollection; and Mrs. Sumbel Wells, an excellent actress, was an admirable imitatrix. Can the original powers of Bannister, Mathews, James Wallack, and Reeve, be doubted? The two former were—the two latter are—great mimics; or in walks of life unconnected with the drama, the names of Peter Pindar, of James Smith, and Theodore Hook, bring to mind the alliance of varied literary talent with great mimetic power.

Garrick died,‡ and Bannister gradually sunk down to young lovers and walking gentlemen. He was much in company, being now included in almost all the invitations given to his father; he had lost the patron on whom he built his hopes of fortune. He was regarded as one of the handsomest men of his day, ("the handsomest" *par excellence* was, *of course*, the Prince of Wales, then in his 19th year,) and it will not excite any wonder that he became the companion of the Tophams, the Morrises, &c. &c.; and was likely to sink into the vortex of dissipation. He who panted to become the acknowledged successor of Garrick could feel little pleasure in enacting Inkle, in "Inkle and Yarico;" and this was rather above than below the characters commonly cast him. A disappointed man soon becomes a dissolute one; but John Bannister had a heart too good, a judgment too clear, and a taste too refined, to be satisfied with nightly revels and their consequences; he checked his career in time, and deserting the haunts infested by Suett, Palmer, Vernon (father of the late stage-manager of Covent-Garden), Dodd, Cornelys, &c., devoted his attentions to Miss Harper; that lady, who was very respectably connected‖, had made her début, being then very young, about two years before himself. She appeared as Rosetta, in "Love in a Village," having been recommended to Colman by Mr. Paul, a musical amateur, she instantly took the lead in opera, and shortly appeared in an original part—Spinetta, in a piece called "The Gipsies," (by Charles Dibdin) in which a ballad of hers peculiarly interested Bannister: four lines of it ran thus:—

"Love's a cheat, we over-rate it,
A flattering, false, deceitful joy;
A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy."

The effect, though evanescent, was revived some years afterwards, and Mr. Bannister was considered as the accepted admirer of Miss Harper; but was on a sort of trial of his good behaviour for a considerable period. Miss Harper completely entranced the town as Rosina, in the opera of that name; and Mrs. Cargill, formerly Miss Brown, departing for the East Indies§, Miss Harper was the *prima donna* of Covent-Garden and the Haymarket, and the most attractive singer at the Pantheon. She had also been very fortunate in the lottery, and was thus independent. John Bannister was rapidly rising in public estimation; and the next musical farce (I think "The Poor Soldier") announced the principal character by Mrs. Bannister, late Miss Harper. Mrs. B. retained her attraction, even despite the rivalry of Mrs. Billington; but as Bannister became more and more important at Drury, and as he found his family increasing, and that Mrs. Bannister's domestic duties were trenched upon by attentions to her profession, he resolved to take her off the stage at the earliest opportunity. The death of Edwin in 1790 left Bannister his undisputed successor. In 1792 (Sept. 5th) Mrs. B. took her farewell

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* Palmer was born in 1757, and appeared in 1763 as Mustard-seed, in "The Midsummer's Night's Dream;" John Bannister was a year younger.

* A singer, whose father kept a music-shop, about sixty years since, in Russell-street. She fell in love with the notorious Jack Vernon, and ran away with him. This was at the time of the passing of the celebrated Marriage Act. Mr. Vernon wished the lady to dispense with the ceremony of marriage, which she indignantly refused. He then persuaded a young clergyman of the name of Grierson to unite them. The consequence was a prosecution; and poor Grierson, despite of all the interest that was made for him, was transported for fourteen years. He died on his voyage out. Vernon went to Dublin, and Miss Poicteur, alias Mrs. Vernon, married a Mr. Thomson, whom she very soon after quitted for Mr. Bannister.

† Foote set out for the Continent, but died at an inn in Dover, Oct. 21st, 1776. In the church of St. Mary, in that town, there is a monument to his memory; and it has been generally imagined that Foote was buried there. Such, however, is not the fact. Mr. Jewell, at the representation of half the actors and dramatists of the day, brought the body to London, in order that it might be publicly interred in Westminster Abbey; but after he had taken this step, no funds were forth-coming, and he buried his friend at his own expense in the cloisters.

‡ Covent-Garden and Drury entered into a coalition in 1779, lending each other their performers. In consequence of such an arrangement, Bannister played Achmet, in "Barbarossa," at the former theatre, on the 1st of February, 1779, when Drury was closed, being the day of Garrick's funeral.

‖ She was the daughter of a Mrs. Harper of Bath, and nearly connected to the late Mr. Rundell, the jeweller, who left considerable legacies to Mr. and Mrs. Bannister and their children. When John, about 1780, first paid attentions to Miss Harper, his father who was at that period engaged at Covent-Garden, acted as Mercury and pressed his son's suit; this it may be supposed was a fertile source of mirth for the jesters of the day.

§ This lady was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly, and drowned upon her homeward voyage.

at the Haymarket, delivering the following address, written by George Colman, the younger :—

Painful the task for me which must ensue :
My heart is grateful, yet 'tis aching too,
When I step forth to bid you all adieu.
Full sixteen summers now have roll'd away,
Since on these boards I made my first essay ;
Here first your favour I aspir'd to court,
Met my fond wish—and kept it—*your support.*
Trembling I came, by partial favour cheer'd—
My doubts dispers'd, I now no longer fear'd ;
Approv'd by you, I thought my trials past,
But my severest trial comes at last !

Farewell ! my best protectors, patrons, friends !
To-night my labour in your service ends ;
And oh ! if faintly now the voice reveals
Those struggling movements which the bosom feels ;
Let the big drops that glisten in my eyes,
Express the sense the faltering tongue denies.
As oft—retired, unruffled, and serene,
I ponder o'er the past and busy scene ;
So oft shall memory pay the tribute due,
Warm from the heart, to gratitude and you.

[*Remainder next week.*]

THE PAINTER'S TALE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

"The picture !—it is a strange picture," said the painter, smiling, "of which you asked me so many questions some nights since,—is a portrait, and a striking portrait, though you see nothing but the eyes ; the cloak covers everything else. It is as I saw it ; and I was told I was fortunate in catching so much. You perceive I have not been dealing with my own fantasies : before I have done, you will feel I knew the man."

Have any of my fair readers been at San Marino ? Probably none. It is not a place for Italians, who must have their opera and Corso ; and Englishmen, as of old, in despite of the rebuke of Casti, travel "like their trunks." Yet San Marino is a place to spend a week, nay weeks, at. It is a republic, and republics are now antiquities. to artists it is a new mine : no small inducement to me. We want something of the kind, Rome and Romans having been long since painted out. In fine, it is a *terra incognita*—a "*suolo proprio vergine*"—a place for all classes of the curious to explore. With some such object I rambled there, coming up from Rieti and Terni, some four or five years ago. I had no intention of staying longer than a day, but no better motive for quitting it ; so, whether it was my indolence or my destiny, (one usually stands for the other,) I passed there, I do not well know how or wherefore, an entire month. The patricians were coming in from Rimini for the summer, and very pressing and hospitable : the burghers were like the patricians ; so that, between both, I ran great risk of being naturalized, and becoming a citizen myself. The place is really a curious sort of *extravaganza* in our modern times. Imagine an almost perpendicular rock, crowned with a church, a town at its feet, and a territory of about five miles round, and you have "the state;" The nobles keep the rock, and the burghers enjoy the plain ; so that society is divided by the very ground, and each stands as punctiliously to his topography as to his "ceto." I was a sort of public guest, honoured with all the honourable things of the place. Placed on the red serge seats of the Grihme at church ; at the Arengo, beside the capitani themselves ; admitted without question into the Caffè dè Nobili in the rock above, and into the cool cavern wine-cellars of the burghers below,—I drew up laws, or painted portraits of their great men, in the morning, and, with their bailiffs, walked the circuit of the republic in the evening. The church was my usual haunt : it seemed hewn by some Cyclop out of the rock itself. I liked the cool stone bed of San Marino, and still more this inscription—"To the Author of our Liberties."—S. Marino, Auctori Libertatis," rather an odd juxtaposition, and which, in our days, would have stamped him a carbonaro. The view from this place is delicious. Far off beyond Rimini, to the east, the long, blue, level line of the Adriatic is seen, with white specks, or dashes of towns, villas, and villages dappling the luxuriant green ; then, to the left, nestling in the foldings of the Umbrian mountains, clusters of little hamlets, scarcely detected by their smoke ; before you the rich plain, with its heavy harvest, and vineyards purpling and mellowing them, and its twisted streams and red old towers now in ruins—another age still lingering with ours. But all are not so. There is one far off ; I could point it out to you, yonder, to the left, as if I were now sitting under the church-citadel,—of some fame in the old Morea wars, and still retaining part of its former renown. It is now used by the Pope as a sort of country St. Angelo—a prison confined to state offences. The San Marino people, who, I believe, have nothing of the kind, go there occasionally on a sort of antiquarian excursion. A patrician friend of mine, who had come up with the others from the Marina, to spend his six months, according to law, in his two-storied palace on the rock, talked of it as one of the 'magnificences' of the neighbourhood so incessantly, that, to see, or avoid hearing of it, I determined on riding over there the first morning the heats would allow me. At San Marino you have, in the full perfection of their freshness, all the breezes the Adriatic on one side, and the Umbrian forests on the other, can send you. No inducement, then, to venture into the plain, especially after a sixth or seventh fever from your Roman malaria.

The heats abated, and we set out. To San Leo is but a short journey, though to an artist a most agreeable one, At that time of the year, too, there are so many things, and so much in all things, to see. The castle itself, interior and exterior, is very much like other castles—gloomy, clumsy, vast, solitary ; sounding corridors—impregnable walls—doors knotted and gnarled with iron—windows letting in the light merely to show the darkness and the misery—a vast array of strength against a few weak men. Now and then prisoners have been sent here from Bologna ; but, to give the San Padre and his Morea subjects their due, it is generally empty enough. There was one prisoner, however, who had been for many years at San Leo, and is there still, buried in the adjoining chapel. He drew away the attention from all the other prisoners : I only saw him twice ; but it was enough, I believe, for us both. Of him is my present history.

The governor had shown us all the cells (we had a "permesso" from the delegato) with the exception of one, which he had forgotton or concealed, when on turning up the chief staircase, in our way to upper day, I heard, or thought I heard in strong but shattered voice to my left, the chaunt of a "De Profundis." "Whom are they burying," I exclaimed, "at this hour of day ? You do not wait in the fortress, I perceive, for night. No wonder."

"Pardon, Signor," returned my guide ; "we are somewhat more courteous, both to the dead and to the living. You hear one of the prisoners."

"Celebrating his obsequies, like Charles the Fifth, beforehand. Is he afraid that you will defraud him ? I admire his foresight. Have we yet seen him ?"

"No, Signor,"

"And why not ? He appears a cavalier of a most especial taste, and quite deserving of a visit."

"It is not possible."

"The 'permesso.'"

"Doubtless, Signor, the 'permesso' will carry you anywhere ; but he neither likes to see strangers, nor strangers to see him. The man is old now, and the more rest he has for body and soul the better, I take it, and am some judge in these matters, for both. He has been dying all this winter, and cannot live through the next. A heavy account like his is not easily settled. We had better go on."

The "De Profundis" was now resumed, with some harsh touches in it which searched my very soul. It came up from the very cell over which we were walking, and, as we advanced, was more and more thickened and stifled by the increasing solidity of the arch.

"*Requiescat in pace !*" said my guide.

"Amen!" I replied mechanically, and fell some minutes into silence.

"But if you *will* see him," continued he, interpreting my abstraction, "I think it may be done. You are a friend of the Signor Delegato, and I am here 'per compiacergli.'"

With that we turned through an iron grating, and descended some twenty or thirty winding steps, by frequent usage worn into one, and stood before the dungeon from which the voice had come.

"Have you the courage to enter Signor ?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Unlock the door."

"But it is not at all times he bears to be troubled. Let us first listen."

"Is he not your prisoner," I continued, "and you his keeper ?"

"Why, certainly."

"But the mind, perhaps, is gone. Is it so ?"

"Not exactly that ; but guilt, Signor, is a heavy load, even after twenty years of suffering and penitence. Stay near this *pilone :* I will enter first."

I followed the direction, and remained near the *pilone*, watching the movements of my guide. He turned the lock of the cell, and let down quietly the heavy oaken bolts, not wishing too suddenly to break upon its inmate. It was now half open. I beheld a miserable sight : there was little light ; the only window, high up, was small and heavily grated, and looked out upon the dry moat, and was nearly choked with briars and brambles, and tall, sweeping hemlocks ; but by the green glaring sort of twilight it threw upon the floor of the dungeon, I soon saw enough. For a short time all was silent : I doubted whether there was a prisoner. Something now began to move along the stone pavement, in the far-off end of the cell, —not a man, surely, for it crawled on all-fours ; and yet nothing but man could find entrance here.

"Who vexes, at this hour, the dead and the buried, and the judged, and the condemned !—who hath a right but God, and God's own angels !" exclaimed a hollow human voice, as if it came out of the earth. "Is it not written—'I have given his angels charge over thee ?' Shall the worm man presume to dispute vengeance with God and God's angels !" A pause ensued : it was brief. "Have I not striven for thee ? Ten, aye twenty have been said to-night. Art thou never to have rest ! The chains drop, like flax in fire, from thousands of other souls ; and thou art there—for ever there ! Is it never, never to have an end ? Oh, God ! thou art a jealous God !—in all thy ways strong and fearful !"

In the speaking, he suddenly raised himself up. I saw a human head : the light from the window came directly upon it. The whole figure was for an instant visible ; it was soon covered up again, such as you see in the portrait. I cannot describe it. The face was that of a man past seventy—age and utter misery had done their worst upon it ; the scars of a long internal combat were everywhere trenched and rugged. A white beard went in stiff flakes down to his middle—the head was naked—totally bald. Yet the eye, in the midst of all these wrecks, was strong with life and soul ; it had an untamed bird-of-prey kind of fire within, which years and suffering had not been in the least able to put down. When he looked up, it was to threaten or command ; but all this was soon over, and he sank down again, and went moping away in penance and despair. "Leave me ! leave the outcast, the accursed—thou art not needed ; the worm stings which shall never die, and the vulture feeds and is always hungry—and the heart grows and shall grow, for ever and ever, for their food. I have wrestled to extort a blessing ; Israel struggled with the angel of God and prevailed—I wrestle still." With these words he clasped a tall brazen crucifix, which I could now discover had been planted for him in the extremity of the dungeon, and lay at length upon the floor ; groaning out horrid prayers, and with his hands clenched firmly round the cross, as if devils were dragging him from it. "Has the sentence been qnite read," he exclaimed, "quite, quite written, and pronounced, and published, through hell ? Have Michael and the other chastisers heard it ? Has Christ sworn it ? Is there no repeal—no respite—no reprieve ? The bad thief sits with him in Paradise, but where is Iscariot ? there is no mercy for Iscariot.—The blood falls thick from his wounds, but not on my head ; Oh God ! on all heads but on his and on mine !" And then began again the same dreadful chaunt of the "De Profundis," mixed with moans, and imprecations, and prayers, and blasphemies so harrowing and appalling, that I supplicated the guide with my hands on my ears in haste to retire.

I could not for some time speak : the guide charitably left me to myself, till we came into the open air.

"Ah, Signor ! there is much to pardon, but God is good. There is hope for all but the sinner against the Holy Ghost !"

"Deeply hath he repented," said I, "sore and sharply been scourged,—no matter what hath been his crime. Is it always so ?"

"Even so," continued my informant. "I was standing at this very gate that evening—the last day of the octave of Corpus-Christi, about fifteen years ago,—a fair and quiet evening like this,—when he arrived at the hour of Ave Maria, at our hold. I never saw a finer form of man, though no longer young,—nor a firmer tread, nor, ghastly pale as he was, a prouder look, than when he came down amongst us, between the two Pope's guards, double-manacled, without a word. They left him at the door of that prison—he bowed, and entered, and never quitted it more ! He never complains—he eats, drinks, and sleeps, as if some other being did it for him, with whom his mind has no sort of communion. It is all with himself that he is at war—with voices in his own heart that he talks—with beings the bad only see that he strives ! The cricifix you saw is his stay. He clings to it sometimes like a drowning man, and laughs when he has got hold of it, and turns back scoffing at the fiends whom he has foiled. But this is over in an instant, and then he falls away grovelling and groping through the darkness as before. Beard, hair, nor nails has he ever cut ; nor will he stand up erect, or walk like other men. 'No, no,' said he, when I importuned him, 'I have lost all that —I am no longer that—I am a man-beast—a wild beast—a beast of the forest and the den ! I must not be proud !' And with that he falls flat, and seems as he would enter and hide him into the very earth. The voice, too, when he first appeared in the fortress, was clear ; damps and misery have made it what it is. Ah, Signor ! it is a dismal thing to hear it half cry, half moan, on the winter's nights, when I am often the only walker in these galleries, and can scarcely distinguish between it and the swinging and whistling of the dreary pines overhead. The agonies of those nights are not for human ears. Good God ! have mercy on his soul !"

"This fortress," said I, "is a prison for political offences only. What political crime can that be which thus whips his conscience so unremittingly ? There are prisoners at San Angelo, at Amona, many more in Dalmatia, in the Austrian and Hungarian fortresses ; yet we have never heard of anything like this. Has he stabbed his commanding officer ? given up his trust in treason ?"

"Worse !"

"What worse can there be ?"

"Zaconi is a priest."

"What then ?"

"It was that which brought him to San Leo : which makes this dungeon, and could make a palace, a hell."

"He has then married, broken his vows, or written a book ?"

"No, Signor ; his vows are inviolate, and he has never offended against faith. He is orthodox, he has nothing to recant. He is here, by letters from the Secretary of State—he is here for crime——"

"Great ?"

"Heinous !—but he has done penance for fourteen years. Who of us can say as much ?"

"True. Is it known ?"

"No, Signor ! the crime was secret—the punishment is secret. It is right the Santo Padre, as a good shepherd, should guard his flock from all scandal. Zaconi is a priest. To you, however, such things are without danger. You have also a 'permesso.' Let us remove to the seat yonder, where we shall be out of the sun, and secure from interruption, and you shall hear a miserable story."

We changed our seat, and in a few moments he began.

"One evening in November, after chapel was over, a stranger in the dress of an officer, but wrapt up in his Roman tabarro, appeared at the portone of the Convent of San Francesco, and demanded to speak with the Padre Guardiano. He was of a tall, soldierly appearance, bold and somewhat overbearing in his tone, contracted naturally enough in a camp, but of a dignified bearing ; and, as any one who looked on his broad forehead and clear eye would know, of right noble blood. In a few moments the Guardiano saw him, and the next morning the Signor Cavalier was seen kneeling a novice, with the other novices, in the choir.

"These changes are common in our convents, and but little noticed. God works many a miracle of which we take no count. Even in these evil days he is not forgetful of his Church. No questions were asked of the motives of this new conversion, had they been, would an answer have been vouchsafed. It was only known that Don Antonio nor had been distinguished by an unfortunate duel arising out of an affair, some said of gallantry—others, of national punctilio ; that, in the wars against the French, he had been foremost amongst the Guerillas of the Monte Camino, and had now appeared in the convent either to reform his life, and to atone for worldly vanities and transgressions, or, as others contended, to continue them, and to make Ara Cœli a ladder to some of the rich suburban bishopricks, if not to the cardinal-vicariate, or secretaryship of state itself.

"These surmises, however, soon died. As a novice, little was known of him. You, Signor, know well what the Ara Cœli is ;—it is a world ! The novice in a few years passed his probation, and became the Padre Zaconi. The Padra Zaconi was known in Rome as a sharp theologian, and as keen at his syllogism as he once was at his sword : but he hardly left the convent, and shunned even its Thesis days, when all Rome was there, and the Pope himself condescended to honour them with his presence. He soon became master of the novices, and a strict master he was. He was a true *reformatore*, and, had he lived in more fervent times, would have founded an order himself. Many is the saint now who would have died a sinner but for the Padre Zaconi. The noviziato had been greatly relaxed under the preceding padre maestro, who was an old man, and too contemplative for such active duty. The Padre Zaconi had not been in office three months, when there was an entire change. The novices of Ara Cœli were cited as examples in every other convent in Rome. The saxto padre heard of it with delight, and often came to visit them in *villegiature*, and to speak on his methods with the Padre Zaconi. Nor was the padre a preacher of doctrines he did not practice. He was a canonized saint. The hard duties of the Ara Cœli were not enough for him ; he talked of leaving it for a stricter observance. He spent great part of the night in his cell in prayer : those who slept near heard the discipline : the fasts of others were feasts to him. He ate meat but once a-week, and on festivals, and then by strict order from his superior—'sub vinculo obedientiæ.' Yet was he not morose nor harsh ; he spoke seldom, it is true, and briefly—but never austerely. If he commanded, he gave the example, too. No one could plead excuse when he saw the maestro in the road before him. He was humble, too, or seemed so—never refused an act of self-denial ; was kind, especially to the lay-brothers ; and, if he had friends, they were of the lowest rank in the convent. Honours he held cheap. The second year of his theology, he came from the disputations with such applause that his Holiness sent to the padre guardiano to testify his satisfaction, and to express the hope that ere long he should see him as the padre professore. A vacancy occurred not long after, by the promotion of the then professor to the bishopric of Forli, but the maestro refused it. So it was with every other offer. 'He had found,' he said, 'with some difficulty, his way into port, and it would be sad indeed if he should now be wrecked in smooth water.'

"Yet somehow or other he was not liked. With all his strictness, it is true, the novices were fond of him ; but the padri, though they all praised him, did no more. It is certain he stood aloof from them also ; but many said it was because he knew them well. It is not for us, Signor, to judge, but San Francesco himself had often to deal with men who were not of his spirit. The Seraphical Order has had, I think, three reformers, and, if report says true, though Heaven forfend I should believe aught to the disparagement of God's holy servants, at that time Ara Cœli stood in much need of a fourth. Perhaps they felt it, and saw in the Padre Zaconi one who, if he set about it, would cut and carve *davero*. They may have dreaded or envied him ; but, as I said, all praised him, but no more.

"So the years passed, every year adding to his reputation, when it fell out that the general of the order, who had first returned from his visitation,—whether with the heat, or the fatigue, or displeasure, at the state of some of the convents, —took to his bed the morning after his arrival, and never left it more. During his illness the zeal of the Padre Zaconi knew no bounds. Nothing could remove him from his bedside. In truth, there was not a better *confortatore* in any confraternity at Rome than the padre maestro. He was always sure to be the first sent for, and the first also to go in every epidemic, and to the poor, in preference to the rich. The Reverend Generále died after a few days' illness. It was he and the padre guardiano who closed his eyes.

"The obsequies were celebrated with due pomp in Ara Cœli, and many of the older of the community wept over his grave. The Padre Zaconi showed no feeling one way or the other ; but, during the time that the body was exposed near the high altar, he watched constantly and silently by its side.

"The funeral was now over, the question was, who should replace the deceased. You know, Signor, that the blessed army of San Francesco extends over the whole earth ; 'In totum orbem terrarum evirit sonus eorum.' It must be no ordinary hand or head which can rule so many, and rule all well. All Rome was on tiptoe. The other orders shared the ferment of the convent ; day and night new arrivals from the provinces, messages to the gate, surmises, conjectures, reports ; in fact, had the conclave itself been assembled, there could not have been more excitement. The merits of the prominent men were daily discussed. Some looked to Naples, others to Spain ; the majority wished to confine it to the walls. The public favour after a time seemed to settle on three or four. Frà Agostino, Frà Antonio, and, above all, the venerable Padre Bernardo, divided the suffrages. The Padre Zaconi was of course mentioned ; but some doubted his age, others the good will of his brethren. The Frà Agostino had been a wealthy proprietor in the Patrimonio, and given no small assistance in founding the new convent of Santa Chiara, at Otricoli ; he was however but a poor theologian, having begun somewhat late ; he held the situation, too, of procurator at the time, but would not have answered for any thing higher : it was well known his Holiness would never have approved of him. Frà Antonio failed in the other extreme ; he knew nothing out of his class-room. Four or five folios, over which the students used to sleep, were the monuments of his fame : out of Ara Cœli he was still more considered ; he was a light of the order. The Padre Barnardo was of a high family, had early taken the habit, passed through most of the offices, and for sanctity of life was superior even to Zaconi. I wish you could have seen his mass on the winter mornings ; it was crowded. He was at this time about seventy, but still no novice was more fervent. His sermons converted thousands, yet he was no preacher. Multitudes watched him on leaving the pulpit to touch the hem of his garment, or catch a blessing from his eye. In truth, it was hard to look on his grey hairs and calm countenance without desiring and resolving to be better. It was his look and life which did the wonder.

"It was now the end of December, and it was fixed that the election should take place in time to be announced to his Holiness the first day of the ensuing year. The 'Te Deum' had been sung in Ara Cœli, as in the other churches of the city, in thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year, and, after matins, the chapter for the election was declared duly opened. Several of the candidates had retired. Frà Antonio, at refectory, the night before, had entreated the community not to think of him, but to leave him to his beloved theology. Frà Agostino was as little disposed to quit his office of Procurator, of which he knew something, and little of anything else. The contest thus lay between Bernardo and Zaconi, but there seemed to be little doubt in whose favour it would terminate.

"The matins had been sung in Ara Cœli, followed by the 'Veni Creator,' and the prostration and the mental prayers, when the 'squettino' began. There was no absolute choice, the first round ; to the astonishment of many, the Padre Bernardo, however, took precedence. On looking round for the two candidates, it was for the first time perceived that the Padre Bernardo was absent. In the gloomy choir of Ara Cœli on a December's morning, it is not very easy to perceive who are, and who are not there. It excited no surprise. The Padre Bernardo had more than once said, in the preceding week, that he, night and day, implored Heaven that the chalice of this trial should pass away : it was only a new proof of his humility. The Padre Guardiano, apprehending however some difficulties, thought it right that he should be present, and sent for him. The 'squettino' went on ; in the next round the Padre Zaconi had an absolute majority. The instant it was announced—before another word could be added, as if by apoplexy or by lightning—the Padre Zaconi, covering his face with both his hands, fell prostrate on the floor. In falling, they heard him exclaim, 'Domine, no sum dignus :' to which the choir, struck by his humility. answered, 'Fiat voluntas tua !'

"In that very moment, whilst all was in confusion—breathless with haste, pale as the marble statues around—the lay-brother entered, and whispered to the Padre Guardiano that he had found the unfortunate old man dead, and icy cold in his bed. His prayer had been heard, the chalice had passed away from him : after his long service of seventy years, he had entered into the joy of his Lord.

"The Padre Guardiano, in announcing it, said this and more with tears in his eyes ; The community fell on their knees, and the 'De Profundis' was said. During all this time the Padre Zaconi continued bowing to the earth. I know not whether he joined in the prayer, but, from that day to this, it has never left his brain.

"The Padre Bernardo was buried quickly, but with all solemnity, and an act in presence of his uncle, the Duca di S——, taken of his death, and several of the principal deeds of his life, his virtues, &c. with the view, as some said, of promoting a cause for his beatification at some future day. The Padre Zaconi was ill, and obliged to confine himself to his bed ; he could not leave it for some weeks, but he had not yet been there one, when the Padre Guardiano, who was acting as his *locum tenens*, gave strict injunctions that none should enter the patient's chamber without his permission. The Padre Zaconi had been in a violent delirium the first night : it was fortunate that none were present but the Padre Guardiano.

"I know not what passed in that illness, but the Padre Zaconi rose from it an altered man. Many thought it was the mere effect of the malady, but his eye showed that there was a change within beyond the reach of health or illness. It was fixed, but not calm ; fixed while others were not looking, wandering and uneasy when they were. He had been zealous, he grew harsh and precise—he now became irritable. There was a familiarity, but an awe, and something worse, in the approach of the Padre Guardiano : he was a weak but kind man, and, no doubt, acted but for the good of all. Pain, deep and constant, was seen in the rigid lines of his countenance ; no smile ever came there more. The unfortunate man prayed and prayed, and the discipline was now tinged with blood. Night after night has he lain on the cold marbles of Ara Cœli, and the 'De Profundis'—but not as you heard it—broke from him then ; but it would not do. Yet his bodily health continued good—his tread firm—his voice strong—God strengthened it that the mind might have its food : for it was the mind, Signor—the mind which, like a fire of hell, burned him up within. But this could not endure forever—God has his appointed seasons, and uses men for their own accusers when the time is come, compelling them to play the part of the evil angel, who shall stand between them and salvation in the latter day : so was it with Zaconi. Whilst Rome was still loud in his praises, and congratulations poured in from the provinces, an event was about to take place which for ever changed all that. Oh ! who amongst us can fathom the abyss of the wisdom of God !

"A year had passed : and it was the anniversary of the Padre Bernardo's death. Solemn high mass and office were, as usual, to be said. It was also customary that the highest functionary present of the order should pronounce the funeral oration ; it fell, of course, upon the Padre Zaconi. The mass passed, and the office, too, without anything very remarkable. The Padre Zaconi answered with steadiness, though somewhat too firm—too resolved—now and then too (it was afterwards observed,) he omitted some passages and paused at others ; and at one, 'Let my end be like unto theirs,' shuddered and stopped short altogether : this, however, made no impression at the time. It was now time to ascend the pulpit : his step faltered visibly on the stairs, and it was some minutes before he could find his way. Always pale, his countenance was at this moment corpse-like—an ominous stillness brooded on everything around—every eye was fastened on the pulpit—his lips quivered—he twice rose and twice sat down—conscience was in her last struggle—in a few moments more it was all over for ever. On that very morning—almost at that very hour—a year ago, the Padre Zaconi had accomplished the deed ! Yes, Signor !—he it was—he was the murderer. The Padre Bernardo slept no natural sleep, though seventy years old—he was forcibly and traitorously murdered. It is no use now going into that terrible confession ; never, I am told, within those walls was such a confession, publicly or privately, heard before. He praised the dead with burning tears—he entreated for him mercy ! mercy ! with burning supplications—for himself, whips, scorns, dungeons, fire—with an agony which made young and old tremble, or shrink one after the other away. The beginning of his speech was calm—even resolute ; but when he came to the hour, and to the mode, and to the consequences of his death, then it was that the sight of that man was truly awful. No torture, cord or rack, ever wrung such terms from human lip, as I have heard he used. He had that morning, a few hours before matins, whilst the convent was in its soundest sleep, left his cell ; his step was heard, but it was remembered he had been accustomed, at early hours, to visit the church from the first day he entered the convent : it attracted no notice. On entering the cell of Bernardo, he found the old man, as was his wont, laid on his hard plank, without a bed, and sleeping peaceably—soundly. He bolted the door—set down his lamp near the crucifix and skull by his bed-side, and sate for some moments in silence near it—for even still he hesitated. The lamp threw its light full upon the quiet brow and reverend beard of his victim, and for an instant—one little instant—his guardian angel prevailed and held him back—stirrings of mercy were felt within him. 'I

must not send him thus,' said he, 'from sleep into death—I have nothing to say to his soul. It is right he should make peace with the other world before he leaves this.' He awoke him gently, and the poor old man rose up suddenly in astonishment from his hard board, imagining he had overslept his hour, and for the first time for many years had missed God's holy service. 'No,' said Zaconi sadly, 'that for thee is now all over. Look! thy sand-glass is run out—thy day of labour done—thy wages ready. I am not, however, a rude summoner—I will not call thee till thou art ready for the journey. But go thou must—death is certain—is nigh—is within this chamber whilst I speak!'—Oh, God! and must I go without confession, without Christian rites, without a single prayer for my sinful soul; this, indeed, is a dreadful parting.' 'Not so?' replied Zaconi. 'Kneel down here—I can wait for thee; but it must be done soon.' He knelt—prayed—was heard—and before day-light broke, was a stiff corpse. It required little to strangle an old man nearly eighty; the steps of men passing the door, and lights and voices, hurried it When the matin-bell tolled, Zaconi was in his cell.

"The avowal was soon over. On leaving the pulpit Zaconi took off, one after the other, all the distinctions of his office, and then his habit, and then clothed himself in sackcloth and the dress of a lay-brother, solemnly renouncing all, and asking for no pity, nor even for a prayer from the community as he passed away, and shut himself up in his cell. There he called for the Padre Guardiano, and desired not an hour should be lost in informing the Cardinal Vicar, so that the curse might be removed from amongst them, and the crime punished without delay. For punishment he called incessantly; it was the only consolation he could endure. At midnight a carriage, with four guards, waited at the granite lion, at the foot of the great marble steps of Ara Cœli. He left the convent barefooted, and, proceeded by a single torch, walked down without an attendant to the coach. He was placed between two sbirri, the other two opposite, and hurried off. His cell, and that of the Padre Bernardo, were closed, and strict silence enjoined. The next morning it was murmured that the Padre Generale had relapsed; daily notices of his health were published, and before a week expired, that of his death. The funeral took place in the usual manner, and a successor was soon appointed. In the meantime the criminal arrived, as you have already heard, within the walls.

"It is now upwards of fifteen years, and I have seen no change—no peace. What, or who was the tempter to the terrible deed, I dare not say; but we all of us have some particular devil in our souls, who is strongest when we think him most weak. He had no hatred to the Padre Bernardo—his devil was pride and ambition. All others he had driven out: that devil, whose name is legion, kept its place,"

"*Requiescat in pace!*" I exclaimed, answering, I believe, to my own thoughts, for we had both been for some instants silent.

"Amen, amen!" replied my guide; though it is not in this world he can hope for it. "God grant," he added with a sigh, "it may be in the next!"

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Two months after, I heard from my San Marino friend, whom I met at Rome, of his death; it was long and painful. He expired chanting the "De Profundis."

Summary.

Prince Polignac and his son had a most satisfactory and interesting interview with their Majesties on Monday. They also visited many of the Nobility attached to the Court, who are old friends of the Prince, and by whom both himself and his son were cordially and affectionately received.—*Court Journal.*

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Earl of Armagh, in the Peerage of Ireland, forwarded his proxy from Berlin, in favour of the new representative Peer, Lord Hawarden.

The Moira Lodge of Freemasons celebrated their anniversary festival at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate street, a few days since, on which occasion fifty brethren partook of a sumptuous banquet. A gold medal, ornamented with diamonds, value £50, was presented to John Bigg, Esq., the Past Master, on his retirement from the Chair, for his able Presidency during two consecutive years.

The Noble Earl of Derby is making vast improvements on his extensive estates in Lancashire. At Knowsley his Lordship expends £500 weekly in wages to labourers who are employed in planting, road-making, draining, &c.

Prince Polignac has been paying a visit to his brother-in-law, the Hon. Archibald Macdonald, at Brighton.

The Marquess of Sligo, who arrived in town a few days since from Jamaica, has been honoured by an audience of his Majesty, and has paid several visits to Viscount Melbourne.—*Court Jour.*

The Marquess of Anglesea, since his arrival in England, has been on a visit to Sir. H. Featherstonehaugh, Bart., at Up Park, Sussex. His Lordship returned to the Burlington Hotel a day or two since. We regret to state that the Noble Marquess still suffers from the *tic douloureux.*

Sir John Campbell, late Minister to the Court of Persia, after a long absence, has returned to Granbelly Castle, N. B.

Lord Lyndhurst has returned to his house in George street, Hanover square, from Paris. During his Lordship's stay in the French capital he enjoyed much of the society of his friends the Viscount and Viscountess Canterbury, and occasionally dined at the Palace with Louis Philippe.

The Venezuelan Envoys, on a special mission to the Court of Madrid, are expected in London from Spain, on their way to Paris. They are Generals Soublette and O'Leary.

The Prince of Canino intends to break up his establishment at Brompton, and retire with his son to America.

A few days since, Brigadier General Shaw brought John Harper, Esq, Paymas-General of the British troops in Spain, and Henry Chinnock, Esq., of Michael's place, Brompton, before Mr. Chambers, at Marlborough street, on a peace warrant, for a contemplated breach of the peace. The difference between the parties arose out of the publication of an extract from a letter, inserted in an evening paper, signed by Brigadier-General Shaw, in which some injurious reflections on Mr. Harper appeared. Mr. Harper brought an action against the newspaper, which was settled; and a subsequent correspondence led to the present proceedings. The letters having been read, the magistrate called on the defendants to put in two sureties of £100 each, and themselves in £200 each, which was immediately complied with.

The Vauxhall Balloon will ascend from Paris, on Monday the 19th inst. from the barracks in the Faubourg Poissonniere, and the car will convey about ten persons.

The daughter of a wealthy tradesman in Cornhill eloped from the residence of her father, on Monday, with a young gentleman, and has not since been heard of by her parents and friends.

Sir F. Chantrey has undertaken to execute a marble bust of the late Dr. Henry of Manchester, for the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of that town. When finished, it will be placed in the rooms as a tribute to the memory of their esteemed and highly distinguished townsman.

The opening of the London and Greenwich Railway took place on Wednesday, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and other civic functionaries.

A set of high-bred horses, under the charge of a trainer, have been sent off to Paris for his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, who is a great admirer of horses.

Mrs. Colman, late Mrs. Gibbs, has presented the Duke of Devonshire with all the manuscript plays, comedies, operas, farces, and interludes writen by her late husband, George Colman the Younger, which his Grace has kindly accepted, and intends to bind uniformly with the Kemble Dramatic Library, to which these curiosities are to be added. Colman's autograph manuscripts included some dramas which were unsuccessful on the stage, and are now ascertained for the first time to be written by the author of "*John Bull.*"

It is said that the youthful son of Sir Gore Ousley (who is, we believe, under twelve years of age) has just completed an opera.

Mrs. T. Welch, who, as Miss Wilson, delighted London a few years since by her admirable personation of *Mandane*, in the opera of *Artaxerxes*, will shortly make her appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in *Lady Macbeth.*

Madame Garcia, the mother of the late Madame Malibran, arrived at Manchester last week from Brussels, the object of her long journey being to endeavour to obtain the disinterment of the remains of her lamented daughter. It is stated that she left De Beriot in an alarming state of illness, which has reduced him nearly to the condition of a skeleton. [Later accounts state that she had accomplished her object.]

Mr. Theodore Hook, the witty author of 'Sayings and Doings,' it appears has undertaken the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, an office for which his varied talents eminently qualify him. The newly-announced publication of the 'Humourist' will, at his suggestion, be blended with the New Monthly, many of the contributors being friends and correspondents of that magazine.—*Court Jour.*

The Wellington Statue.—We have great pleasure in pointing attention to the subscription list for this design. With hardly any effort beyond a public meeting and a very few advertisements, somewhere about £5000 have already been quietly and gradually poured into the hands of the treasurer (Mr. Masterman), and the stream continues to flow on, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the London money market, and the inert season of the business year. This is as it should be The spontaneous offering of the greatest city of the world, to the man to whom it is, as a city, so deeply indebted for its magnificent improvements (not to mention him as the hero of his age and country), ought to grow and flourish in this manner. By the by, the court-end of the town, and the country, will contribute their aid; and, in the result, we are persuaded their will be a fund of such magnitude as to enable the metropolis to adorn itself with one of the noblest productions of art ever seen by the world, in honour of one of its noblest citizens. Being unable to-day to insert the list of subscribers, we have only to notice, with great satisfaction, that it consists of the names of men of all parties—equally desirous to promote this civic cause.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

The English Ministry.—Much excitement prevails in London and Liverpool in regard to some of the Members of Parliament, who are accused of plotting against the administration. Spring Rice and Poulett Thompson are accused of negotiating a Joint Stock Ministry with Peel and Stanley, and the affair is creating the discussion and denunciation of all the English Press friendly to the Administration.

London, Thursday evening, Dec. 22.

City, Twelve o'clock.—The Consol Market opened this morning at 88¾, having advanced previously to the close of business yesterday, and has since again risen, being now at 88¾ 89 for the account. The premium upon Exchequer Bills remains steady at 15 to 17.

Loss of the ship Christopher and the whole crew, except a single seaman.—The Christopher left Quebec on the 17th Nov. bound to London, with a cargo of timber. In all, 18 hands on board, and was the same vessel that passed us on the morning of the gale. Three days after sailing, William Patterson (cook) died, after which, all was well up to the time of her loss.

A heavy sea struck the ship, and threw her over on her beam ends, when she lost everything but her foremast, her decks being swept fore and aft, at the same time carrying away all her bulwarks and stanchions, and covering board on the lee side. About a quarter of an hour after she righted, when they discovered that the master and six others had been washed away. The ten left took shelter in the main chains. Shortly after they removed to the quarter deck. About ten, three men were taken away, and just before the brig reached them, two more died, leaving the four.

The most disastrous accounts have, also, been received of the damage caused by the inundation throughout the country.

THE STORM.

The London and Liverpool papers are filled with melancholy disasters of the shipping occasioned by the tremendous storm of the 11th December. The Kerry Post furnishes the following wreck disaster of the brig Liverpool, burthen 358 tons, Thomas Louden, master, bound from Miramichi to Liverpool, with a cargo of deals, &c. was driven on the bar of Inch, in Dingle Bay, at midnight, and immediately became a total wreck. On the vessel first striking, the captain and Mrs. Louden, who unfortunately accompanied her husband on the voyage, were washed overboard. Mrs. Louden was never after seen. The captain gained the shore by laying hold of a rope, but died shortly after of grief, cold, and fatigue. The remainder of the crew, fifteen in number, were saved. The Liverpool sailed from Miramichi on the 15th November. On the morning after the wreck, Captain Eager, of Minard, the next resident magistrate, hastened to the relief of the sufferers, accompanied by a party of coast guards and police, but before they could arrive, plunder to a considerable extent had taken place. Captain Eager, with the party under his orders, continued at the wreck, affording every assistance possible for the preservation of property, on a bleak shore, and in weather the most inclement we ever remember, even at this season of the year; and as an instance of its extreme severity, we are informed, that a poor labourer named Hanifin, who was working at the wreck on Thursday, died yesterday, having perished of cold and fatigue.

FRANCE.

The Constitutionnel says that the Council of Ministers have come to the decision of calling Marshall Clausel to Paris. Farther particulars are given of the utter failure of the expedition against Constantina. The troops suffered dreadfully during their march. In one night the number frozen to death is said to have exceeded *one thousand five hundred men.*

Hundreds perished in the rivers, and many were unable to proceed in consequence of excessive fatigue. All who fell behind were butchered by the Arabs without mercy. The ministerial journals condemn the temerity of the Marshal; the opposition prints throw all the blame on the ministers. The expedition was certainly planned in the most wretched way. The season, the weather, the weakness of the invading force, the scarcity of provisions, the want of heavy artillery, and the marshal's ignorance of the ground, all conspired to render an unfortunate issue of the affair inevitable.

The *Courier Francais* states that General Davemont is appointed Regent of Algiers. This arrangement it is said was secretly made in Paris nearly four months ago.

General Davemont, at the head of 3000 troops, sailed from Toulon to Algiers, his secret instructions were to assume the command in Africa, should Clausel, irritated by his presence, offer to resign. The instant Clausel resigns, the expedition against Constantina will be resumed, and under auspices which will secure its entire success. In what light the chambers may view the conduct of the ministers, with respect to the late expedition, is quite another matter.

This expedition so unfortunate to France has excited the attention of all classes of men of the Public Press throughout France. The King and Ministers seem to be deeply mortified at its results and complain bitterly of the actors. The suffering from the severity of the weather and other causes was great, almost beyond precedency.

Louis Bonaparte.—The persons implicated in Louis Bonaparte's attempt at Strasburg, are to be tried in January. The Trial of the mutineers at Vandome terminated on the 15th instant. Bruyant, Thriny, Oudrivot, and Descartes, were convicted; the two first doomed to death, and the two last to five years imprisonment.

One of the Paris papers of Tuesday announces, without seeming to attach much credit to it, the news of the death of the famous Runjeet Sing, which it says had been communicated by a great personage. Such an event is probable, as Runjeet Sing was advanced in life, and was failing fast, according to the last accounts we remember to have seen.

OPINIONS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

From the Liverpool Courier, Tory Paper.

Rumours of an early session, and a probable speedy dissolution of Parliament, have naturally rendered the result of the parliamentary registrations an object of more than ordinary curiosity and importance. Much labour and many figures have been employed in collating and comparing the changes on either side; but, judging from the contradictory statements put forth, not with the happiest success. Two of the principal organs of their respective parties, the *Standard* and the *Spectator*, have argued the matter at great length, and with much ingenuity; but strange to say, they cannot even agree as to whom the metropolitan boroughs are to belong—each confidently laying claim to the majority. When "doctors disagree" as to things so near home, they are not likely to be infallible as to things at a distance. Evidence to general character, however, is justly allowed much weight in deciding the validity of particular testimony; and we happen to have by us a proscription list, published a few months ago by the *Spectator* and the *Globe*, enumerating sixty-seven places not again to return Tory members—in all of which places, where opportunity has been given since the promulgation of the said proscription, a *Tory member has invariably been returned.* So far the balance of *credibility* is against the Radical and in favour of the Conservative statement. That the balance of *facts* is not unequivocally on the same side may result only from the absence of the more searching occasion for bringing profession to the test of practice which a general election will supply. Previous to the last municipal election for Liverpool, "A decided majority on the registration," was the loud and triumphant boast of the Liberals. But what said the event? They were beaten in eight out of the sixteen wards, and only by careless mismanagement on the part of their opponents did they escape being beaten in a majority!

One fallacy in the Radical calculation is this,—that the produce of the registration of 1835 has been overlooked, the produce of the registration of 1836 *only* being compared with the actual relative position of parties at the last election. Look how this tells in the case of West Yorkshire. The Conservative gain on this year's registration is 726,—the Conservative *minority*, after the election of 1835, was 2,800. Comparing these two accounts, they are still at an infinite distance behind. But the gain of the Conservatives on the registration of 1835 was 2,000!—which, added to the former amount, reduces their election minority to almost nothing, and, combined with the silent operation of conviction among those nominally on the Radical list is sufficient to constitute a decided preponderance. A striking instance of the effects of this miscalculation is given in a late speech delivered by Mr. West, M.P. for Dublin:

Our English friends (he says) forget that we have four registrations in each year, and that our list of electors is not revised. Take the county of Dublin as an example. It is in possession of our adversaries. At the last election we were beaten by a majority of 62,—at the registry just closed a majority is claimed, as I understand, of 65. One or two appeals remain to be decided, which will probably reduce that majority to 25. But take it that they have gained the whole: be it remembered, that *upon the previous registries the Conservatives had gained* 143. Again, a shout of victory is raised in Queen's county. Most unquestionably *they have beaten us there at the last registry*; but ask, as I have done, a gentleman of that noble county, acquainted with every vote in it, as to the general result of all the registrations since the last election. He will tell you, and he will demonstrate that the Conservatives *can afford to give fifty votes to their opponents after all just allowances*, AND BEAT THEM STILL. I assert my firm belief, that upon a dissolution of the Parliament to-morrow, or to-morrow six months. by a Conservative minister, the Conservative cause in Ireland would not suffer numerically the loss of a single vote.

But there is another element which still further disturbs the calculation. The ministerialists reckon as though there were but two parties in the country—the ministerial and the Conservative. A certain number they portion off as "Tories," and the rest they set down as *per force* supporters of the Melbourne Administration. But are there no smaller denominations—no minuter divisions in the masses separated by this broad line of demarcation? We heard, some time ago, of a Whig-Radical compact. Where is it now? The *Spectator* tells us that IT IS DISSOLVED, and that only by its speedy revival can the Conservatives be prevented "slipping in" with a majority in the House of Commons. The truth is, that on some questions—questions considered by their supporters to be vital and indispensable—the Ministry and the Radicals *are opposed.* One is the question of the ballot. "As opponents of the ballot," we are told by the same authority, "Ministers cannot stand" Now the ballot is a question which Lord John Russell and others of his caste in the Ministry, are bound by solemn and reiteirated professions to oppose. We doubt not of their capacity for falsifying those professions, any more than we doubt of their capacity for committing any other iniquity, the non-commission of which would involve the stoppage of their official pay. But then, in giving up the ballot they must give up certain supporters out of doors, opponents likewise of the ballot. They must still further convince the country of their utter recklessness of principle or character, and of their determination to cast away every shred of the constitution that hangs in the way of their retaining place. Can they afford to do this?

On the other hand, how are they to escape the fierce clamours of the ultra Radicals? How are they to appease the Molesworths, who, "if the present cabinet opposition to the ballot be maintained, will not vote for a single Whig candidate at the next election?" How will they satisfy the Hutts, who, "except Ministers make up their minds for a peerage reform, will not be found next year among the supporters of government?" These, let it be observed, are differences between Ministers and their own quondam supporters. And with these divisions in the ministerial camp, are we to believe that all who are not classed under the head of "Tories" will be found voting for the Ministry? Will every vote that goes past the "Tory" be recorded for the supporter of Lord Melbourne? On the contrary, they talk of a Whig, that is, a ministerialist, as *opposed* to a Radical: the Whigs of Leeds are threatened, that if they attempt to return *two* men, the Radical member is to be plumped for: but *one* candidate the Whigs are to be graciously permitted to return. We believe that, were a Conservatives a ministerialist, and an ultra Radical, of anything approaching to an equal standing, to be nominated in every place in the empire, in nineteen cases out of twenty the ministerialists would be at the bottom of the poll. The Whigs, as a party, are broken and powerless: that is an admitted truth. Their sole resource is now in a parasitical dependance on the Radicals. The question, therefore, comes to this: they may wish to oppose the ballot; but can they afford to do it? They may desire peerage reform, as a means of extricating them out of their present difficulties; but dare they propose it? With a trembling majority, scarcely averaging more than twenty—on one occasion reduced to *two*—an election, under the present circumstances of Radical exasperation, would be certain defeat. To adopt the other alternative, and yield to the demands of the Radicals, would be almost equally fatal.

We begin to hear, indeed, of a re-patching-up of the "compact," on the condition of the ballot, peerage reform, and the other apples of discord, being left *open questions.* Here is a strange turn in the tactics of radicalism! The inventors of and staunch sticklers for, the *pledge* system, becoming all at once the stipulators for every man acting as he thinks proper! Thus we are to be entertained with the novel and amusing spectacle of a ministry *falling out* to keep themselves from *falling through.* Unable to stand by *union*, with inimitable sagacity they are about to try the virtues of *division! Divide et impera* is to take a new sense,—the *governing* party is to divide, and then to rule!

What are we to think—what next to be prepared for? Is it possible, as Lord Wharncliffe exclaimed at the Wakefield dinner, that the English nation can tolerate such a ministry as this? Is it possible for men to sink lower in contempt—to become baser in infamy? We suspect, that in the next parliament we shall hear no more of Whigs or Whig-Radicals: the proportion of Radicals may be increased, but the name of Whig will be all but fogotten.

FERGUS O'CONNOR AND MR. O'CONNELL.

Mr. O'Connor has quarrelled with his friend O'Connell, and has lately published letters reflecting strongly on his personal character. What reliance may be placed on his statements we cannot tell. He seems a thorough Radical, and is now on a tour of progress to "awaken the people." In one of the letters he says, speaking of Mr. O'Connell:—

"From the time we left the tavern, until we arrived at the entrance to the House of Commons, you used every species of argument to induce me to relinquish the question of Irish poor laws—I was firm and did not give way; upon our entrance, we met that friend of the Irish poor, Mr. Howell of Dublin, and that excellent man, Mr. Robinson, of Clara Mills, in the King's county; they called me from you, and having questioned me, requested that I would persevere—you waited my return, and supposing my resolution strengthened by my interview with the two gentlemen named, you paid them no very flattering compliment, and again returned even to imploring. I was steadfast when you said, "Well, Fergus, you are a bad general, you cannot take a hint." "Why," said I, "what do you mean;" to which you replied, significantly, and with a look I shall never forget, "*Ah! Fergus, you want to destroy both our trades in Ireland;*" I shall leave it to the public to affix a meaning to these eleven words."

He gives the following character of Mr. O'Connell:—

"You are the greatest political leviathan of the day, and many an honest but unsuspecting man has been wrecked against your wiles and sophistries. Perhaps I shall share a similar fate; but I would rather dash myself at once to pieces than be constantly covered with your foam. How my indignation swells, when, in vain I endeavour to arrange the catalogue of your crimes against Ireland. Your principal object through life has been to accumulate power, and no man has ever fostered his resources for this purpose with more cunning but less virtue. Your chief object since the passing of the Reform Bill has been to aid in balancing the two great political parties in this country so nicely that, by your Irish parliamentary influence, you could hold the balance of power between them; and as power leads on to power, you did not remain satisfied with the political superiority which your Irish connection afforded you, but, as I shall presently show, you did, at the close of the present session of Parliament, endeavour to perstrate English independence by those means which you have but too successfully practised in Ireland.—You accepted of emancipation, with the disfranchisement of thousands and tens of thousands of Irish voters; but mark, without emancipation you never would have acquired political power. You did therefore disfranchise the Irish people, and while you did so your mouth was full of the provision and protection which a poor-law would afford them; but the moment you acquired political power you discovered, for the first time, that food for the hungry unwilling idler would demoralize the "fair" daughters of Ireland. You knew that religious persecution had raised you to power, and you knew that bodily suffering would preserve and increase your power; but it was for the accomplishment of a great measure! You abandoned the people, and fell in with political economists (of whose doctrines you are wholly ignorant) and the monied men of England. The object which you had in view was to preserve your parliamentary influence by your out-door popularity, and finding that your policy was discovered in England, you returned to Ireland, and there denounced me and the Radicals England. Had you succeeded in preserving popular support your aim was to break up administration after administration, to create new discussions upon metaphysical questions, to set the public mind wandering, until, in the vast presumption of the man, the people had lost sight of the object; and, when you had sufficiently disorganised society you would, "*nolo episcopari,*" with becoming modesty have ventured upon taking the reins of the steed, whose views were best known to his instructor; and, thus mounted, the only bounds to your tyranny would have been in the pitiful supplications of your victims. If I have been accessary in sparing one bended knee, or piteous imploring, I am prepared for the fullest outbreak of your disappointed ambition. I witnessed your domineering manner—the wicked resolve to accomplish by extravagant bullying that which was refused to the most servile application. In short, the determination to be "*aut Cæsar aut nullus.*"—*Scotch paper.*

From the Dumfries Courier.

What course Ministers will pursue when Parliament reassembles is still kept a profound secret; and although a thousand things are said and written on the subject, they are at best mere guesses, which seem undeserving of the honour of serious repetition. The after-dinner war between Whig and Tory is still waged as fiercely as ever, and in South Devon more particularly the Liberals seemed determined to make up their lee-way in a manner which has alarmed the "Thunderer" himself.—In Haddingtonshire Lord Ramsay has commenced a premature canvass, with the view of unseating Mr. Fergusson, of Raith; the latter has no wish to retire, and the general opinion is that the attempt to oust him will prove as abortive as the Lord of Cockpen's celebrated canvass in the city of Edinburgh. —Mr. Feargus O'Connor is busy preaching against O'Connell, and if the tithe of what he says be true, it was obviously his duty, as an honest man, to have cut the Agitator long ago; the Whigs, too, come in for a full share of the itinerant's abuse; and in this work he is aided by the Editor of the *True Sun*, and some other "Tory Radical" journalists, to whom attach suspicions which are not exactly suited to "ears polite."

In the Money Market panic has entirely passed away; the funds are again looking up, and trade, in the great manufacturing districts, has become nearly as firm as ever. Grain, in various markets, has fallen a few per cents., despite continued storms and wet, which retard many agricultural operations, are affecting even the flocks on the hills, and are alike unfavourable to turnip-fed sheep, which, amidst

so much surface-water, exhibit fleeces constantly drenched, and cannot select a corner for a dry bed. Our neighbours in Carlisle are about to replace the banks that suspended payment by no fewer than three Joint-Stock Associations. In the whole the share figure is too low, and as three new Banking Companies is rather too much of a good thing, the public, although divided in opinion, will, on reflection, eschew extraneous influence in matters with which politics have nothing to do, by rallying round the establishment which appears to augur best for the future.

RADICAL ABUSE OF THE MINISTRY.

We are in hopes that many of those belonging to the (so called) Radical section of politicians, who have recently been lobouring with all their might to discredit and injure the Ministry, are about resting from their labours; perhaps, however, rather from finding, what is now obvious enough, that the country does not sympathize in their *patriotic* endeavours, and that these, therefore, are likely to be thrown away, than from what we must say it would be much more gratifying to perceive—an honest though late conviction of the mischievousness of the course they have been pursuing, and a determination to be guided by a more discreet consideration, and by higher motives of action, for the future.

Be the cause, however, what it may, we rejoice in the result. There is a passage in that remarkable book *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, which states that nothing is so likely to make men renegades to their principles, as to treat them as though they already were such; and it certainly does require no little firmness and decision of mind, to prevent the feelings excited by rancorous and unjust accusations on the part of those who profess peculiar liberalism, from being reflected from the men who make them to the principles they represent themselves to have espoused.

There are no doubt, however, various causes which have operated in inciting different classes of Radicals to the abuse of Ministers. In some instances their measures have been blamed through sheer ignorance; in others it is the least informed classes of the people who are addressed, and the tone endeavoured to be taken is that which it is thought will be momentarily most popular with them; in others, it is mere personal disappointment—a place would have secured applause, when the refusal of it has generated hatred; in other cases (amongst our brethren of the press particularly) exciting topics are almost a necessary to existence; and the gratuitous assumption is made that Ministersintend a particular course, in order that when the contrary appears, there may be an opening found for the self-glorification of having been the means of preventing them from doing so.

With none of these modes of action, nor with those who practise them, have we any community of feeling. We make no pretension of being satisfied with every step that Ministers take; sometimes we cannot descry their motives—sometimes we doubt as to their policy; but we feel that they labour under great difficulties; we are sensible that they must often consider what improvements are most practicable, rather than what are in themselves most desirable; we believe that they are the best and most liberal Ministry that Great Britain has ever yet had; and we think, therefore, that they ought rather to be confided in and supported, than distrusted, disparaged, and abused. Of course, we mean by those who call themselves Liberals—that the Tories should abuse them is natural; that Reformers should do it, bespeaks either obliquity of mind, or want of principle.

On this point we are glad to have the support of Mr. O'Connell's authority. He has come round to an opinion which we have long entertained. In the National Asssociation on Thursday, he expressed himself as follows:—

"These Tory-Radicals, as I must call them, are doing most effectually the work of the Tories, by injuring the present Ministry, and, consequently, the liberal cause. Some affect not to know that there is any such thing as Tory-Radicals. Why, it is as plain as the sun at noon-day. You see their mode of proceeding. They make it their whole business to find fault with the Whigs, while they say hardly a word about the Tories. They want, it would appear, to get out the Whigs. Well, who would they get in? Not the Radicals, I am sure, and they know that. If the Whigs were out, the Tories would come in; and are not the men who are working to that end well described when they are called Tory-Radicals!"

To be sure they are; and, since it is difficult to believe that they can fail to see the tendency of their efforts, we must suppose that they act upon calculation. What that calculation may be, it is not for us to say. We can have no hesitation, however, in expressing our conviction that it is not, and cannot be anything which the honest, straightforward friends to practical improvement, the men who have been consistent and strenuous advocates for reform, when reform was not fashionable, can concur in.—*Manchester Guardian, Liberal Paper.*

UPPER CANADA.---CLERGY RESERVES.

From the Toronto Patriot, Jan. 13.

We lose no time in presenting our readers with the following Report to the House from the Committee on Clergy Reserves.

Copy.

To the Honourable the Commons House of Assembly,

The committee to whom was referred the report of the committee of conference with the honourable the Legislative Council on the subject of the resolution adopted by your Honourable House respecting the Clergy Reserves, beg leave to report that they have passed the several resolutions herewith submitted in which they pray your Honourable House to concur.

All which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) WM. H. DRAPER, Chairman.

Committee Room, 11th Jan. 1837.

Resolved—That it is not expedient in the present circumstances of this Province to confine the appropriation of the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves to one Church only, but it will more conduce to the welfare of this Province, and to the religious instruction of its inhabitants to apportion them among the following Churches or bodies of Christians—that is to say:

The Church of England.

The Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connexion with the Church of Scotland, and United Synod of Upper Canada.

The Roman Catholics.

The British and Canadian Wesleyan Methodists.

The Baptists.

That the distribution and expenditure of the funds to be derived from such apportioning should be entrusted to such person, body or assembly, as by the canons, constitution, ordinances, or discipline of each of the said Churches or bodies of Christians is usually entitled to, and exercises the temporal and ecclesiastical control and jurisdiction thereof under the following restrictions—that the funds be devoted in such a manner as to provide for the religious instruction of the people of this Province, and that an annual account of the expenditure be rendered to the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or person administering the Government of this Province, to be laid before both branches of the Legislature.

That such endowments as have been directed or settled for the Church of England but have not been as yet carried into effect should be completed in due form of law—the faith of the Government being pledged thereto.

That all the Clergy Reserves should be sold in like manner and under the same authority as Crown Lands are or hereafter shall be disposed of, and that all accruing payments shall be invested in such public funds as his Majesty may from time to time be pleased to direct, and that only the dividends and interest accruing from such investment, as well as the moneys now invested in the funds in England, be put at the disposal of the respective churches or bodies of Christians beforenamed: Provided that not more than one hundred thousand acres shall be sold in any one year.

That the proportion to be allotted to each of the said Churches, be left until returns can be obtained from the said Churches or bodies of christians, of the number of their ministers, the number of their actual communicants, the number of their existing congregations, and of the members composing the same, and of the estimated number of persons in the several Districts, being members of the said Churches respectively, to whom at present they are unable to extend the benefit of religious instruction. Such returns to be made to the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or person administering the Government of this Province, to be laid before both branches of the Legislature at their next Session, to enable them to make a just and equitable distribution.

[*From the Texas Telegraph.*]

PROCLAMATION.

In the name and by the authority of the Republic of Texas.

Whereas the late Government "ad interim" of the Republic aforesaid have, at various times, and to divers individuals, issued and granted commissioners for "letters of marque and reprisal;" and whereas similar commissions have also been issued by the present Government as a means of temporary defence, which from the increase of our national marine, has now become inexpedient, and believing it is not only the duty, but the policy of all civilized Governments to discountenance every species of warfare which is manifestly calculated for mere private plunder, and not for the attainment of a nation's glory or an honourable peace; and believing that the system of "privateering" is a warfare of that description, and keeping in view the example of the United States of the North, and Great Britain, the most enlightened and civilized nations of the earth:

Therefore, I, Samuel Houston, President of the Republic aforesaid, by the authority in me vested, do hereby ordain and declare all such "letters of marque and reprisal," and all commissions and authorities touching the same, to be, and the same are hereby suspended; and all persons holding or having received such "letters of marque and reprisal," or any commission or authority touching the same, are hereby commanded and required to return the same, and report themselves within *forty days* from the date, to the Secretary of the Navy of the Republic.

Done at Columbia, this sixteenth day of December, 1836, and in the year of the Republic the first. SAM. HOUSTON.

S. Rhodes Fisher, Secretary of the Navy. December 17, 1836.

Exchange at New York on London, 60 days, 9¼ a 10 per cent. prem.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1837.

Since our last we have received by the *Pennsylvanian* from Liverpool, London papers to the 23d ult. These papers contain but little intelligence in addition to that which had previously reached us. They confirm all the reports of the disastrous expedition of Marshal Clausel to Constantine, and represent his entire loss on that expedition at 3090 men. It is to be observed, however, that the official return of the Marshal makes his loss in killed, wounded, and missing, about 800. The gallant commander has returned to Toulon, and General Davemont, appointed in his room. This mishap which has befallen Gen. Clausel, is much regretted by his friends, since he has been regarded as a general officer of great skill and bravery. It has always been admitted that he saved the remains of the French army at Salamanca, after the defeat given to it by the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Ragusa, Marmont, commanded the French on that day, and sustained a defeat; he was wounded, and left the field and his broken legions to Clausel, who, with a presence of mind—a coolness and comprehension highly honourable to his military genius, rallied the French troops, and retired to one of the three hills in his rear, and saved the remains of his gallant army.

Gomez has nearly reached a place of rest and safety in the north. He has laughed to scorn all his pursuers. In fact they only became pursuers when he chose to allow them to be so. Bilboa is still in the hands of the Queen's troops.

The money market in England is decidedly relieved, and all seems to be going on well again—thus verifying all our predictions.

Parliament will, it is said, reassemble on the 31st of January. Parties, now of nearly equal force, are contending for the supremacy. We have for a long time expressed our own opinion, that things were verging towards Conservatism. A little time will test the truth of this opinion; in the mean while, we beg to refer our readers to several political articles in this day's paper, extracted from leading political journals.

The gales and storms in England have been exceedingly destructive.

Texas.—We give to-day a Proclamation from General Houston, President of the Republic of Texas, interdicting on the part of that Republic, the system of Privateering, and recalling all letters of marque that had been issued by the previous Cabinet, which are to be returned within forty days. This act is honourable to the Government of Texas, and gives good earnest of the future. The style and spirit of the Proclamation is much to our liking.

The expedition of Gen. Bravo has been completely broken up; Mexico, in fact, has not the means of putting another army in motion. The re-conquest of Texas is therefore hopeless. Gen. Santa Anna is still in Washington, and the prospect of an early recognition of the new state by the Government of Washington is much increased. Mr. Ellis, the American Envoy to Mexico has just returned from that country, having failed to bring about any favourable arrangement of the difficulties between the United States and Mexico. Some apprehend war, but Mexico will surely not be so insane as to resort to hostilities against this country.

We have received Jamaica papers to the 27th ult. They contain the gratifying intelligence that the new governor, Sir Lionel Smith, is highly popular, and that the island is in a state of perfect tranquillity.

The Clergy Reserve Question in Upper Canada is, we hope, on the point of being adjusted. We beg to refer the reader to the Report made by the Committee of the House of Assembly on this subject, after an interview with a committee of the Legislative Council.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

It is announced in the London papers that the editorial management of this periodical will henceforward be entrusted to Mr. Theodore Hook; and that the *Humorist*, another publication by Mr. Colburn, will be united with the New Monthly, under the new editorship. As is usual in such cases, many improvements are promised, which we doubt not will be duly made.

As it is so much the fashion to republish English works in this country, we have been urged to take upon ourselves the republication of this. We have taken the matter into consideration, but in the mean time beg to apprize our readers of one important fact, namely—that we *already* republish the New Monthly, or the greater part of it, in the columns of the Albion, and have done so for many years past. In this day's paper we have marked the articles copied from the December number, which amount to nearly half a dozen, all of the best and most attractive contributions in the Magazine referred to. In looking over some of the recent numbers, we find that few articles have escaped us, that we would wish to insert; indeed it is not always agreeable to reprint works entire, as articles frequently exist which are offensive to American readers. In this same New Monthly, for instance, a series of letters have appeared, purporting to be from the pen of a "*Returned Emigrant*," whose descriptions of society &c. in the southern states, are by no means true or flattering. In the number for November, the "Returned Emigrant" gives some revelations of New York, which we would on no account insert in this journal.

We have stated this much by way of explanation to those who have urged us to republish the entire work. It will be seen from what we have stated, that we have heretofore deemed it a matter of supererogation, because, as we have said, we already publish, in the columns of the Albion, almost every article of decided interest, and shall so continue to do. Should it, however, appear, after the promised improvements of the work have taken place, that we cannot, either from its copiousness or otherwise, follow out our usual plan;—and should it also be free from the objections we have stated to exist in a national point of view—we shall, in all probability, comply with the wishes of our friends, and in some way give them a more exact transcript of the original.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS. NO. III.

We alluded in a recent number to two public works, without some description of which, these papers, rapid and glancing as they are, would have been unpardonably deficient. The Penitentiary, at Millbank, and the London and Greenwich Rail-road. The former of these is built upon a site, adjacent to the once well-known Tothill-fields, renowned in the annals of bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and pugilism, the reputation for which, although rapidly decreasing, is not yet altogether gone. The site of the Penitentiary was originally a low swamp, or marsh, not fit for any useful purpose under heaven. It was the property of Jeremy Bentham, the propounder, or at least the advocate of the Penitentiary system, and was sold to Government at a *good* penny, as the future residence of those who had lost *caste* in society. The ground, however, was deeply trenched and drained, and the foundations were fresh laid with lime, rubbish, and other dry material.

The manner in which this range of buildings is laid out, is a curious one; calculated, it is said, for the greatest possible amount of personal accommodation in the smallest area, consistent with health and reasonable means of recreation. The centre is an open hexagonal court, in which are placed the governor's house and the chapel; on each side of this hexagon there is erected a pentagonal range of buildings, having an open court within, and a circular tower for the superintendent of that range; and the whole six pentagons are enclosed by the external walls in the form of an irregular octagon. The prisoners are in solitary confinement, and in most cases are solitary in their labours, except that they are in gangs to draw water and grind corn. Their cells are not next to the external walls of the pentagons, but a corridor runs entirely round each story of each pentagon; and contrivances are effected, by which the superintendents can see what is going on in any of the cells, without being perceived by the inmates of those cells.

A certain portion of each convicts' earnings is set aside as a reserve fund for him or her, to be given at the expiration of the term of punishment. The convict keeps the account, and the proportion is increased or diminished according to the behaviour of the party. In certain cases where the conduct has been exemplary for a considerable time, the convict is allowed to work with a gang of others in a similarly approved state; and if such good conduct continue, a commutation of the sentence is granted, together with a small sum of money, and a certificate. Convicts acquainted with handicraft trades are made to work at them and such as are ignorant of any, are taught one. They are rarely allowed to see their friends from without; it is an indulgence which must be purchased with good conduct, and is, perhaps, as great a stimulus as could be devised for such an end.

The number of inmates, of both sexes, varies from eight to twelve hundred; the punishment varies from three to five years. The Penitentiary, however, does not support itself—on the contrary, it is still a heavy charge on the revenue.

We are not in possession of particulars to go through an accurate description of the Greenwich and Deptford Railway. Suffice it that it runs from the most populous part of the city, through Bermondsey, by way of Lower Deptford, to Greenwich, a distance of near five miles which it accomplishes in ten or fifteen minutes. The accommodation thus afforded to a vicinity including a quarter of a million of inhabitants, besides the strangers that have continually recurring occasions to pass to and fro, must be obvious to all.

Without entering into the details of Arcades, Bazaars, and all the thousand minor improvements of "the Great Babylon," we shall conclude our hasty survey by giving a description, from an English contemporary, of the most splendid edifice of all. We mean the new Parliament Houses, which will be found in another part of this day's paper, accompanied with the ground plan, and our long promised beautiful engraving.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In going through the London Improvements, which we have sketched with a hasty hand, there has been a *purposed* omission of the New Houses of Parliament. These are so magnificent in their design, so extensive in their range, and so splendid in their details, that we have felt assured they would be found acceptable in a more circumstantial description.

In this day's Albion, therefore, we have given an accurate ground plan of this stupendous range of buildings, and have accompanied it with a beautifully executed engraving of the elevation. It is with feelings of pride, feelings which we are conscious will be understood and replied to by our readers, that we exhibit this monument of British taste, dignity, and wealth. In the cities of the East, there have been, and there still remain, buildings which cover as large a portion of ground, and display *barbaric* magnificence, but we believe that no where in the civilized world, will be found a range so perfectly conformable to the best rules of architecture, so admirably adapted to the multifarious and important duties which have therein to be performed, so consistent with the wealth and station among nations, which the country in which it stands, proudly occupies, as that which is this day portrayed. Strangers from all parts of Europe came to London to see *a Bridge*, Waterloo Bridge, the triumph of science, in a work of mere utility. In tenfold numbers they will now come to witness the triumph of taste, in a work which speaks at once of the power, riches, and liberality of the British Empire.

The Ground Plan here given has, attached to it, a scale, which will enable those who inspect it to understand the surprising extent of the details. The entire building covers an area of no less than six acres. The River front is nearly nine hundred feet in length. Westminster Hall alone—the only part of the *old* fabric that remains—is upwards of two hundred and sixty feet long, and eighty feet wide; and its roof is sustained *without a beam or a pillar!*

Among the most remarkable portions of the new building we ought to remark The King's Tower, within which is a court, into which the Royal Cortege can enter, consisting of the State Carriage, drawn by eight horses, and surrounded by State attendants. This can drive round the court, and forth again into the open street, without the least backing or confusion. This is the Royal Entrance when the King goes in State to Parliament, which is generally for the purpose of opening, proroguing, dissolving, or giving the Royal confirmation or dissent to the bills, of Parliament. The Tower in which this magnificent Court is situated, is also a place of deposit for public Records; an important trust, and its appearance is worthy of its purposes. It is of the mixed Gothic construction, the offices are story above story, and the building itself is almost as lofty as the Cathedral of St. Pauls; its height being about 300 feet. By the way the artist has judiciously contrived to give spectators a fair idea of the elevation by making the point of view such, that the lofty towers of Westminster Abbey are seen in the back ground, immediately over the building, and nearly in juxta-position with the Tower itself. Now, as they are nearly at the same distance from the eye of the observer, the conclusion immediately follows.

To those who have seen Westminster Abbey, which is an example of the severe Gothic architecture, and St. Paul's, which is a beautiful epitome of the most tasteful Grecian school, we would say that the New Houses of Parliament is somewhat of a mixture of both, yet participating more largely of the former than the latter; and this is judicious, for too violent a contrast from a splendid building in its immediate vicinity, would have been too great a shock to good taste, which requires a gradual rather than a sudden deviation from uniformity.

The architect of this splendid edifice, *Mr. Barry*, is a young man, and hitherto but little known to fame; he has, however, stepped at once to the very pinnacle of her temple, ane will stand unrivalled as a man of taste and science.

We do not hesitate to assume some credit for thus presenting this grand design to our readers. The desire to obtain it in England, when first published, was perfectly astonishing; such was the demand for copies, that a sufficient number could not be supplied, for a full month after its first appearance. It is, we hope, worthy the acceptance of our readers.

It is necessary to state that we are indebted to that excellent work, the *London Athenæum*, for the plan, plate, and description. The British engraving was executed by T. Kearnan, from which, Mr. Dick, a well known English artist, residing in New York, made the copy which we this day present. It is engraven on steel, and we leave our readers to judge with what admirable skill and fidelity he has executed his task. Mr. Charles Thomas, an American copperplate printer, is the person to whom we are indebted for the impressions, which he has wrought off with great clearness and accuracy, and done much to preserve the delicious softness and beauty, imparted to the plate by Mr. Dick.

OUR NEW VOLUME FOR 1837.

We have until this moment, abstained from announcing the new volume, and offering the compliments of the season, as well as our thanks to our numerous friends and readers. On all occasions it has been our pleasing duty to acknowledge the kindness we have for fifteen years experienced from the public, and the continued success of this Journal. These acknowledgments, from their frequency, had almost become common-place, and we felt anxious before we again made them, to render some substantial evidence that we were still deserving of them.

This wish is to-day, we hope, accomplished, by the account we have given of the New Houses of Parliament, and the beautiful steel-plate engraving that accompanies it.

We have then now to announce, that the volume for 1837 commenced on the 7th of the present month, with a new and beautiful type, and with undiminished efforts on our part to maintain the high reputation the paper has always enjoyed.

We have printed a number of extra copies, in order to supply those who may wish to procure complete sets. These may be obtained, *including the plate*, on application to the office, or to any of our agents, personally or by letter. No additional charge will be made for the plate to regular subscribers.

Terms of the paper are Six Dollars per annum—payable in advance. Persons at a distance who may remit a Five Dollar bill, will be entered as annual subscribers, and receipts sent to them for *ten months*. In such cases, we have to beg the favor that northern or eastern bills may be sent, if possible.

*** The office of this paper is removed temporarily from 77 Cedar street, to 111 Broadway. We shall return to the former place as soon as some necessary repairs are made to the building.

Passengers in the Packet Ship, Sheffield for Liverpool.—W. L. Perrin and Laday of Liverpool—S. B. Hunt and Lady, Puluski Jacks, Wm. Niblo, and Mr. Foote, of New York—H. H. Temple, of Madeira—John Mc.Kie, of Glasgow—James Mar, Vicar, of Canada—S.Smith, of Buffalo—C.W. Phipps, of England—H. Carwell, J. H. Orkney, and E. P. Woolrich, of Quebec—D. Souter, H. H. Whitney, and James Connell, of Montreal—John Maitland, of Brooklyn.

INSCRIPTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Stop here, Seducer! stop awhile!
A villain's victim sleeps below.
She drank the poison of a smile,
And found that lawless love is woe.
Too true to doubt the lip that lied!
Too trusting maid! too fond to fear!
Too oft they met on Rother's side;
For she was young, and he was dear.
Known by the arrow in her breast,
She mourn'd her bonds, then join'd the free;
Now Mary's sorrows are at rest,
And her sad story speaks to thee. *New Monthly.*

LINES BY B. SIMMONS.

INSCRIBED TO LADY E. S. WORTLEY.—And Suggested by a Sketch in "The Keepsake" for 1837.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madam Lætitia was at that time *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quietness and brilliancy of her large sparkling eye was most remarkable. She was laid on a snow-white bed in one corner of the room, to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long ago as that had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full-length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their royal robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. *

* She then, seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked, if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying, "Cela ressemble beaucoup à l'Empereur; oui, cela lui ressemble beaucoup!" * * After having attentively examined all these interesting pictures, I returned to take my place beside the bed of the venerable lady. I could not help feeling that she must exist as it were in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently but eloquently spoke of the days departed. * * She then commissioned me to say a thousand, a thousand affectionate things to Lady D. Stuart, and charged me to tell her that she ardently hoped that she would come and pay her a visit in the ensuing winter, adding, with a tone and manner that I shall never forget, so profound and mournful was the impression it made on me: "Je vous en prie dites à ma chère Christine que je suis seule ici.'"—*A Visit to Madam Lætitia, Mother of Napoleon.*"—KEEPSAKE, 1837.—[Lady Dudley Stuart is daughter to Lucien Bonaparte—and Lady E. S. Wortley, who visited the old lady, is daughter to the Duke of Rutland, and married to the second son of Lord Wharncliffe.]

It was the noon of a Roman day that lit with mellow gloom,
Through marble-shafted windows deep, a grandly solemn room,
Where, shadowed o'er with canopy and pillowed upon down,
An aged woman lay unwatched—like perishing renown.

No crowned one she; though, in the pale and venerable grace
Of her worn cheek and lofty brow, might observation trace—
And in her dark eye's flash—a fire and energy to give
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-swords, should vanquish all that live.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not to page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms, in portrait, that glanced round,
From the high walls, with cold bright looks more eloquent than sound.

They were her children. Never yet, since with the primal beam,
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings its own immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race beneath its smile to glow,
As they who now back on her brow their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!—look'd down in dazzling sheen;
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—one crown'd an earthly queen!
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins! with diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm, made empire of that room!

But, right before her couch's foot, one mightiest picture blazed—
One august form, to which her eyes incessantly were raised;—
A monarch's, too!—and monarch-like, the artist's hand had bound him,
With jewell'd belt, imperial sword, and ermin'd purple round him.

One well might deem from the white flags that o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed and waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign, and leaped again to day!

How gleamed that awful countenance, magnificently stern!
In its dark smile and smiting look, what destiny we learn!
The laurel simply wreathes that brow, while nations watch its nod
As though he scoff'd all pomp below the thunderbolts of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—which, after many a year,
Had swept above the memory of its meteor-like career—
Saw the mother of the mightiest—Napoleon's Mother—lie
With the living dead around her, with the past before her eye!

She saw her son—of whom the Seer in Patmos bare record—
Who broke one seal—one vial poured—wild angel of the Lord!
She saw him shadow earth beneath the terrors of his face,
And lived and knew that the hoarse sea-mew wailed o'er his burial-place

Yet was she not forgotten;—from every land and wave,
The noble and free-hearted all, the graceful and the brave
Passed not her halls unnoticed, but lingering claimed to pay
The tribute of their chastened hearts to glory in decay.

And England's Gentle Daughter, in that deserted hour,
Though greatness was thy handmaiden, and genius was thy dower,
Thou didst not scorn to come in youth and beauty to assuage,
Albeit for one bright moment brief that woman's lonely age.

"I am alone!" she still exclaimed—and haply thou didst say,
How much our human sympathies were with her far away;
How much one spirit mourn'd with hers, let this wild strain impart,
Offered in homage, Lady, to thy good and gifted heart.

London, November, 1836.

We are delighted once more to number Mr. Simmons among our poetical contributors. These lines are not unworthy of the author of the noble ode on Napoleon, which none who read it once in our pages can ever forget.

Christopher North.

THE DRAMA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

It would be almost wonderful if managers, who so often do wrong by design, should never do right by mistake. Like other men (for managers are mortal) they occasionally stumble upon the intellectual, and get, by chance, into the higher region of their calling; by accident, they sometimes cultivate the drama, and patronize Shakspeare. That they should find their profit in doing so, is not curious; but it *is* strange that, while they are thus borne onwards to fortune on the full tide of favour, they should so constantly display an inclination to turn back, and seek the barren shore of vulgar taste and (to speak literally) brutalised ambition.

These remarks have been called for by the intrusion of a vulgar impertinence amongst the dramatic triumphs of the month—triumphs which, if allowed their fair play, would go far to effect a Theatrical Reform. To this end, the acting of Mr. Forrest, though not all that the poetical student of human nature in Shakspeare could desire, may be regarded as a contribution. His King Lear approaches the threshold of poetry. It is a creation of almost imaginative power, produced by the truth of a physical and merely human infirmity. It borders upon the grand, by the fulness of its possession of the external signs and shows of grandeur. Mr. Forrest is an actor who can execute most finely all but the highest tasks of poetry. He comprehends the wonderful action of human nature, and is deficient only when he comes to the "palpable obscure," clear as daylight to the poet and the poetical illustrator—the subtle springs in which that human action in its highest range finds its mysterious origin. He cannot pass, even his King Lear denotes this, that "thin partition" which divides the demonstrative from the imaginative, the measured passion from the immeasurable thought. He plays not "i' the plighted clouds;" but, as an actor, skilled in human dealing, gifted with strong powers of expression, and an intense feeling of the actual and the visible, he deserves all the generous welcome he has received.

The reappearance of the playgoer's old acquaintance, Mr. Booth, was but the experiment of a night or two, and merits but a mere record. Mr. Booth seems to be much "farther from Kean" than ever.

The leading incident at Covent-garden is the performance of "Julius Cæsar;" the leading feature of this is the delineation of Brutus by Mr. Macready. Pity, thought we, as the curtain drew up, that Macready should have surrendered Cassius. His Brutus, thought we, as the curtain fell, is the most perfect of his many marvellous performances. We were wrong, we discover upon reflection; but it still seems to us equal to his finest—to his Hamlet—in subtlety of apprehension, and in finish of execution. It presented to us the very soul of Brutus, with his "outward favour." It combined the very grandeur of power with the grace of gentleness. What an answer is this performance to the objections of those who are disposed to deem Mr. Macready nothing if not passionate. We have often seen the character performed before in "approved style," but we were never till now made sensible of the extreme calmness that might characterize the progress of a terrible purpose. It is "the depth, and not the tumult of the soul" that the Brutus of this actor realizes. The half-hesitating tone in which the first soliloquy was delivered, conveying the idea of a man whose nature shrunk almost from his own clear reasoning, which was of necessity to carry him forth into a world of action so remote from and so opposed to the lofty meditative sphere wherein he should move and have his being; this was heard in after passages of the play, giving consistency to the conception of the character, and harmonizing its mingled might and weakness. Not a fine touch thrown in by the poet was missed by the truth of the actor. The Cassius of Mr. Vandenhoff is a very forcible, but not a finished portraiture. It gave us the more prominent features of the character, but much of the quick and shifting expression was left out. It had the determination of purpose, but not the nicety of discrimination that went with it. It had the bold patrician patriotism, but not enough of the cunning of Cassius. Still the performance, looking at its general power, by no means detracts from the reputation of the actor. Marc Antony stood before us, a man indeed of Roman mould; but there was little else at all calculated to convert us to a passionate admiration of Mr. Kemble's style of tragedy. The lamentation over Cæsar's body was (not to speak it profanely) of the school-boy cast of pathos, and the address to the people wanted the true and perfect power of persuasion which consists in concealing the artifice But how magnificent was the picture with which it concluded, when the acter stood out in an attitude inexpressibly fine, and with a face lighted up with exultation, as the people rushed off with the body of Cæsar to move the "stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!" It presented an image not to be forgotten.

CHRISTMAS BILLS.

From the Comic Almanac for 1837.

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!
Here's a bundle of "little accounts:"
And their bearers left word they'd be glad
If you'd settle their little amounts.
They've all got "large sums" to "make up,"
And cannot wait longer, they swear.
So I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Here's the doctor's—a horrid long bill—
And he vows he's as badly as you;
For his patients wont pay him a groat,
And he's dying of *Tick* Doloreux.
But he says he's consulted a friend,
A lawyer that lives very near:
So I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The surgeon's is not a whit less;
At its items I really shivered:
A hundred for Sally's confinement,
A hundred to "Bill delivered."
A hundred for mixtures and pills,
(I think 'tis uncommonly dear;)
But I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The baker has brought you a roll
Which will take you a month to digest:
He looks most uncommonly crusty,
And says, that, of all trades, he's blest
If a baker's is not the most *kneady*;
And hints at John *Dough*; and I fear—
But I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The poult'rer his "game bill" has brought:
This year's, and last year's in addition.
Twelve guineas for Black-cock alone,
Which, I think, is a *grouse* imposition.
Ten guineas for pheasants and hares!
And he charges his ven'son as *deer*.
But I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Here's your butcher, the city M.P.,
Begs to "*ax* leave to bring in his *bill*,"
It takes up six folio pages:
Good Heavens! it's as long as a will.
He says times are quite out of *joint*;
And he must have the cash; so, my dear,
I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Your grocer abuses you *grossly*,
Your hatter, and tailor *surtout*;
Your saddler's been going on sadly,
And your green-grocer looks very blue.
The brewer is down in the hall,
And won't stir till he's paid for his beer;
So I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Then, there's *my* little bill of two hundred
For laces and trimmings, but, laws!
You won't grudge your poor rib a few ribbons;
Will you, duck!—and ten guineas for gauze.
And a hundred for bonnets and hats,
And my last di'mond set—such a dear!
Kiss me, love! Oh! the joys of the season!
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

And the ponies—my pet, little Grey,
And Miss Slimlegs, and Giraffe, and Beauty;
(And you know, love, they're all under size,
And so don't pay a farthing of duty;)
The coach-hacks', *but* two hundred pounds:
(We don't drive our own tits—*that's* dear;)
So I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

And, oh, dear! here's a note from your steward
He says, your estate he's been round,
And examined your books and your papers;
And you can't pay a crown in the pound.
There's writs out against you by scores;
You're surrounded by tipstaves and bums;
So I wish you, my love, a good Christmas!
And a happy New Year—when it comes!

Varieties.

A Spirited Pun.—Beware of the man that loves warm beer, sugar and nutmeg, and equally of him that is the devotee of the aforesaid mixture, with the addition of the yolk of eggs, for the one you will find to be a *flip*-pant character, and the other a consummate *egg-hot-ist*!

Peace before Polygamy.—Very few of the Egyptians avail themselves of the license which their religion allows them, of having four wives; and still smaller is the number of those who have two or more wives and concubines besides. Even most of those men who have but one wife are content, for the sake of domestic peace, if for no other reason, to remain without a concubine slave; but some prefer the possession of an Abyssinian slave to the more expensive maintenance of a wife, and keep a black slave girl, or an Egyptian female servant, to wait upon her, to clean and keep in order the apartments of the hhareém, and to cook. It is seldom that two or more wives are kept in the same house; if they be, they generally have distinct apartments.—*Lane's Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.*

A Lucid Definition.—"A case of monomania," said Mike, reading aloud—"what the d—l's monomania?"—"Arrah, dear, don't you know? Suppose you were to borrow an article without axing for it, and thin forget to put it back again—would that not be stealing, ye fule?" "To be sure it would, Pat, and nothing else." "Hush, darlint! if you was rich, it would not be thieving at all—it would then be monomania."

Mr. Pitt's Opinion of the Duke of Wellington in 1806.—Lord Wellesley, in his letter, inserted in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, giving an account of his interview with Pitt, in the last year of that statesman's life, says—"Amongst other topics he told me, with great kindness and feeling, that since he had seen me he had been happy to become acquainted with my brother Arthur, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms of commendation. He said, 'I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service, but none after he has undertaken it.'"

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

Colman's Epitaph.

Within this monumental bed
Apollo's favourite rests his head:
Ye, Muses, cease your grieving.
A son the father's loss supplies,
Be comforted, though Colman dies,
His "*Heir at Law*" is living. *New Monthly.*

"I do not approve of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Myers. "you must strike off my likeness without shadows." N. B.—Her Majesty, when she spoke thus, was near sixty, and the "shadows" as she humanely called them, were wrinkles big enough to have rolled Dutch cheeses in.

Undeniable Reasons for the choice of a Husband.—"What in the world could you see in Lord A. to marry him?"—"Why I saw a house in town," said the pretty Marchioness "a box at the opera, and a lover in perspective!"

A stranger having entered the apartment, where the emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great emperor—what are you to him?" The emperor replied "*I shave him!*"

Irish Titles.—There are at present, three titles known in Ireland, that have been transmitted from time, immemorial, and whose origin is lost in the lapse of ages—they are known as the Knight of Kerry, the Knight of Glynn, and the White Knight, which last is centred in the Earl of Kingstown, which claims the priority in point of antiquity; the other two are in the family of the Fitzgeralds, and differ little from that of the Duke of Leinster, which, in the old Milesian phrase, is "Cool-a-boo;" and the others differ in this little particular. The translation given to the Duke's is "I burn;" and is accounted for in a curious manner:—It is said, that one of the early progenitors of his family kept in his house, at Carton, in Kildare, a Monkey of extraordinary docility; and the house, one day catching fire, the monkey is said to have rescued the child in its arms, from the impending danger, and carried it to a place of safety: the motto of "Croom-a-boo," was afterwards adopted, and continues, with monkeys, as supporters to the armorial bearings, up to the present day.

A THOUGHT IN THE SNOW STORM.

(BY AN ATTIC BARD).

Alas! mine is a wretched fate,
I con it o'er and o'er,
The glass is *down* to 28,
Coals *up* to 34!

Anecdote of George I.—Sir Charles Kemeys, Bart., knight of the shire for Monmouth in the last parliament of Queen Ann (great grand uncle of the present Colonel Kemeys Tynte, M. P, for Bridgewater), was shown great attention, when on his travels, by George I. of Hanover, and frequently joined the private circle of the Elector. His Majesty, subsequently ascending the British throne, was pleased to inquire why his old acquaintance Sir Charles Kemeys had not paid his respects at court, and commanding him to repair to St. James's, sent him a message, the substance of which was, that the King of England hoped that Sir Charles recollected the number of pipes he had smoked with the Elector of Hanover, in Germany. Sir Charles, who had retired from Parliament, and was a stanch jacobite, replied that he should be proud to pay his duty at St. James's to the Elector of Hanover, but that he never had the honour of smoking a pipe with the King of England—*Burke's History of the Commoners.*

Results of Facility of Divorce.—In no country is more advantage taken of the facilities afforded to divorce by the Mahomedan law than in Egypt. Mr. Lane, in his *Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, says:—"There are many men in this country who, in the course of ten years, have married as many as twenty, thirty, or more wives; and women not far advanced in age who have been wives to a dozen or more men successively. I have heard of men who have been in the habit of marrying a new wife almost every month. A person may do this, though possessed of very little property; he may choose, from among the females of the lower orders in the streets of Cairo, a handsome young widow or divorced woman, who will consent to become his wife for a dowry of about ten shillings; and when he divorces her, he need not give her more than double that sum to maintain her during the period that she is forbidden to marry again. The demoralizing effects of this pernicious custom may easily be imagined; mutual confidence and respect scarcely exist in domestic life; and, unless there be a child to cement the union, no Egyptian woman can be sure of her husband for a single hour. Often, indeed, if mutual attachment subsist between her and her master, the situation of a concubine slave is more fortunate than that of a wife; for the latter may be cast off by her husband in a moment of anger, by an irrevocable sentence of divorce, and reduced to a state of poverty; whereas a man very seldom dismisses a female slave without providing for her in such a manner that, if she have not been used to luxuries, she suffers but little, if at all, by the change: this he generally does by emancipating her, giving her a dowry, and marrying her to a person of honest reputation; or by presenting her to a friend. I have already mentioned, that a master cannot sell a slave who has borne him a child; and that she is entitled to her freedom on his death. It often happens that such a slave, immediately after the birth of her child, is emancipated, and becomes her master's wife: when she has become free, she can no longer lawfully supply the place of a wife unless he marry her. Many persons consider it disgraceful to sell a female slave who has been long in their service."

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New Ship Garrick—30th October.	Ship Garrick—15th December.
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New Ship Siddons—30th December.	Ship Siddons—15th February.
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[Sept. 17—1y.]

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Ships.	Captains.	Days of Sailing from New York.			Days of Sailing from Liverpool.		
North America,	C. Dixey,	Jan. 1,	May 1,	Sept. 1,	Feb. 16,	June 16,	Oct. 16,
Roscoe,	J. C. Delano,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,
Europe,	A. C. Marshall,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16,	March 1,	July 1,	Nov. 1,
Sheffield,	F. P. Allen,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,
Columbus,	N. B. Palmer,	Feb. 1,	June 1,	Oct. 1,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16,
Geo. Washington	H. Holdrege,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,
Hibernia,	J. L. Wilson,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16,	April 1,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,
United States,	N. H. Holdrege,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,
South America,	R. Waterman,	Mar. 1,	July 1,	Nov. 1,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16,
Pennsylvania,	J. P. Smith,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,
England,	B. L. Waite,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16,	May 1,	Sept. 1,	Jan. 1,
St. Andrew,	Thompson,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,
Orpheus,	I. Bursley,	April 1,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16,
Independence,	E. Nye,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	" 16,	" 16,	" 16,	June 1,	Oct. 1,	Feb. 1,
Virginian,	I. Harris,	" 24,	" 24,	" 24,	" 8,	" 8,	" 8,

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Neither the captains nor owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

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Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.			Days of Sailing from London.		
St. James,	W. H. Sebor,	Jan. 1,	May 1,	Sept. 1,	Feb. 17,	June 17,	Oct. 17,
Montreal,	S. B. Griffing,	" 10,	" 10,	" 10,	" 27,	" 27,	" 27,
Gladiator,	T. Britton,	" 20,	" 20,	" 20,	March 7,	July 7,	Nov. 7,
Mediator,	H. L. Champlin,	Feb. 1,	June 1,	Oct. 1,	" 17,	" 17,	" 17,
Quebec,	F. H. Hebard,	" 10,	" 10,	" 10,	" 27,	" 27,	" 27,
New Ship,	D. Chadwick,	" 20,	" 20,	" 20,	April 7,	Aug. 7,	Dec. 7,
Philadelphia,	E. E. Morgan,	March 1,	July 1,	Nov. 1,	" 17,	" 17,	" 17,
Samson,	R. Sturges,	" 10,	" 10,	" 10,	" 27,	" 27,	" 27,
President,	J. M. Chadwick,	" 20,	" 20,	" 20,	May 7,	Sept. 7,	Jan. 7,
Ontario,	H. Huttleston,	April 1,	Aug. 1,	Dec. 1,	" 17,	" 17,	" 17,
Toronto,	R. Griswold,	" 10,	" 10,	" 10,	" 27,	" 27,	" 27,
Westminster,	G. Moore,	" 20,	" 20,	" 20,	June 7,	Oct. 7,	Feb. 7,

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